

The most heartening feature of the affair is the double offence of the man Phil Lott, who first of all conspired — if we accept his own story — against the state as represented by the community in which he lived by agreeing to assist in the ballot-box fraud, and then giving the whole thing away to the political opponent of his brother B. O. Lott, who was a candidate for the Commons in West Hants. That in the height of an election contest Phil Lott should have had his conscience somewhat dulled by his eagerness to assist his political party and allow his brother-world to have been natural. Even though carried to the wretched extent of assisting in a substitute trick ballot boxes for the ordinary ones, such a habit is hardly one which would have to be considered serious but not unnatural crime. "Solitism" on his brother — presuming his story to be true — is unnatural, and in its tendency to shake a nation's confidence in those nearest to them, damnable; if his story is not true it is more damnable still. His cheery talk about his "conscience troubling him" fails to even suggest an act of unaccountable treachery which will be remembered against him and those bearing his name as long as any of them or their children's children survive. A man who commits an offence against his family and brands himself as a traitor of that sacred sentiment which should exist between brothers is an enemy to society and a curse to a community. This is not said in palliation of the miserable consciousness — certainly — that what he did was the misdeed of a man, but rather for their part to turn themselves by doing "right" but to distinguish the gravity of an offence which ones deeper into the heart of society than anything that may be classed off as "mere politics." It is unnecessary to rub it into B. O. Lott, the defeated candidate, who has already spent a night in the cells and effused the shame and humiliation of having even his political friends refuse for a time

John Catto & Son

ARE OFFERING

Unapproachable Values

-IN-

Women's and Girls' Outer Garments

During the balance of this month

JOHN CATTO & SON

King Street—opposite the Post-Office

TORONTO.



SKIRTS that are EXCLUSIVE in STYLE and MATERIAL

We are showing a large and varied selection of pleasing ideas at all prices.

We guarantee each Skirt to be DURABLE, FIT and FINISH.

The Skirt Specialty Co.,
102 KING STREET WEST,
Designers Fine Tailors
J. G. MITCHENER, Manager.
Phone M. 3740.

THOMAS' English Chop House

30 KING ST. WEST

Gentlemen only. Thirty rooms at graduated prices. Special rates by the week. Dining-room open on Sundays.

A Timely Hint

for the toilet at this time of year, when the fall winds are so severe.

Hooper's Lavender or Hooper's Violet Water

Just a few drops does it. Try a bottle. Mailed to any address in Canada or United States for 35c. Larger sizes up to \$5.00.

THE HOOPER CO., Limited,

41 King West Toronto, Branch 167 Bloor West
Phone Main 536. Phone North 2997.

Superfluous Hair

Removed by the New Principle

De Miracle

It is better than electricity, because it does not scar or produce a new growth. Better than X-ray, because it does not burn, scar or paralyze the tissues under the skin. Better than depilatories, because it is not poisonous; therefore, it will not cause blood poisoning, or produce eczema, which is so common with depilatories, and does not break off the hair, thereby increasing its growth.

Electrolysis, X-ray or depilatories are offered you on the bare word of the operators and not manufacturers. DE MIRACLE is not. It is the only method which is endorsed by physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical journals and prominent magazines.

DE MIRACLE will be mailed to any address, sealed in plain wrapper for \$1. Your money back without question if it fails to do all that is claimed for it.

Our booklet—the most complete treatise on Superfluous Hair ever published—containing the testimonials of numerous physicians and surgeons and those of hundreds of others—will be sent free, in plain, sealed envelope, upon request. Write for it to-day to DE MIRACLE CHEMICAL CO., 23

QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, or THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

DANCING

Mr. Sage is forming a new class for juveniles. Afternoons at 4 o'clock

Studio 1

249 COLLEGE STREET



Sporting Comment.

THE indirect advertising which the snap-back rules have received from their many adverse critics was the prime cause of a crowd of two thousand turning out on Saturday last to see the game between Toronto and Hamilton. There must have been hundreds present who had never seen the new code put in practice. Most of them went home assured that it "won't do." The journalistic apologetics of the snap-back rules display as much adroitness as any politician in changing their ground when it comes down to a discussion of the merits and demerits of the new system. Thus, two years ago, we were assured that the days when beef beat lightning, speed and skill were gone forever. It now is the painful duty of the friends of the new game to point out that weight may be an unfortunate characteristic of the victorious Hamilton men, but, they assert, the Hamilton crowd would have won had they averaged ten pounds lighter. The which is most elegant rot. The small and game Toronto men simply had not the brawn to stand the grueling given them by their lusty opponents. The Tigers were thrif men down to tatters. Then they proceeded to make marvelous runs, to execute wonderful criss-cross passes, and to plough through their wearied defeat a jumbo twelve.

Toronto knew the game much better than some of the journalistic critics are ready to allow. Certainly, its back division worked clumsily, but that was inevitable when two lads from St. Andrew's and Upper Canada College were drafted to play behind a lot of men whom they hardly knew by sight. The youngsters did nobly, but no team can win matches without co-ordination. As tacticians, the Toronto men were quite as skillful as their opponents. They would go to a Hamilton runner in the most correct style. They would "nail" him, but they couldn't stop him, because they were not strong enough nor heavy enough. In the days of the much-criticized scrimmage game, the same thing has been seen. The stronger team were able to execute meteoric runs, kicks and tackles, the while spectators stood on their hind legs and yelled. The advocates of the new rules who, since last Saturday's match, have been half crazy with admiration of them, will be able always to gaze with delight on such games if they will take care to provide that one twelve shall be distinctly inferior to its opponent. Only under such conditions can such fancy work as struck the new rule advocates with delight, be indulged in. Take other games, and we could see the same result. Let the Chippewas or Tecumsehs or Brantfords play a junior lacrosse team and proceed to "show off." Would not the spectators see some marvelous stick-handling and dodging and shooting? You can bet they would. And, if two or three sporting reporters so desired, they could write caustic columns about the legacies of the game. But the besties would be all on one side. The game would be an exhibition of skill on the part of the victors, but it would not be a genuine match. There would be lacking the element of anything akin to even competition. Without that element there cannot be a sporting event.

The Argonauts, who number in their retired ranks some of the best authorities on Canadian football, are going to press, at the annual meeting of the Ontario Rugby Football Union, for a reversion to the scrimmage game. I fear that they will not be successful, for the younger clubs are easily influenced by the little Junta of the Union. The cry that it is easier to get together a team under the new rules than under the old will be worked for all it is worth. Let us see what it amounts to. In the old days—ten years or so ago—there was a handicap for towns of the size of London and Guelph. Toronto had, most of the time, only one senior team. At certain periods Osgoode shone, but the club's life was short. "Varsity was in a class by herself. Thus, the one Toronto team, whether Toronto, Argonaut, or T. A. C., had a very large field to pick from. But how is it now? There are three senior teams in the city. They are about equal in point of ability, and it would be ridiculous to say that any one of them is much different in strength from P. terboro' or London. Perhaps the fairest way to put it would be to say that each of the five clubs named has about the same sized field of players to draw from. London has the advantage, if any club has. Now, if each of these clubs had to add two men to their twelve in order to play under the re-adopted scrimmage rule, would it put any one of them out of business? The idea is preposterous. They would be just as successful as they are to-day.

The snap-back system may last another year. Its doom is certain. It is not productive of good football. The best that can be said about it is that it has yielded gratification to certain gentlemen who are filled with love of everything American and are anxious to exploit their theories. They know that the Yankee game would never be adopted in this province, so they get as near the American code as possible. If they are anxious to receive congratulations on their skill as cooks of football rules, I beg to extend mine. They have turned out an excellent hash.

Queen's has carried off a well-earned intercollegiate championship. In defeating McGill, the Calvinists showed that brainy work is a long way ahead of formal practice. I am told that the dropped goal, which was the winners' principal score, was one of the prettiest plays seen in Ottawa this year. And the wisecracks who believe that they are competent to draft rules for the Ontario Union have scored that play so low as to kill it on O.R.F.U. fields! However, we have seen the last of those same rules for a year or so. And nobody is likely to give vent to tears over that fact.

"Mrs. Gayweed, I hear, is going to marry a poet." "Oh, dear, you don't say so! I always thought I'd feel sorry for any man she might marry, but bless me if I don't feel kind of sorry for her."

I fear that my friends the golfers are responsible for the decadence of the Toronto Cricket Club. Not so many years ago, the T. C. C. was the strongest sporting organization in the country, so far as membership went. On May 24 the club usually put four, and sometimes five, elevens in the field. The membership roll mounted into the hundreds. And where is the club to-day? In the averages for last season, published the other day, only ten men figured in the batting list. I remember the time when that list would fill more than half a column of a daily newspaper. The bowling results for last season were on the same plane. The club has a beautiful ground, that cannot be surpassed in Canada. But, as I am informed, there are not many more than a score of paying members on the club-roll. Cannot something be done to place the T. C. C. in its old position? The game it is if it is not lamenting, for there are a score of clubs in the city. The quality of the cricket is not what it once was, mainly because the Toronto Club is not furnishing an incentive to weaker organizations to defeat it. If the right men were able to take hold of the T. C. C., we should soon see it in its old place. But the old standbys seem to have retired, for sport to the links, and for business to their offices.

Mrs. Bixby—I see that in England the Archbishop of Canterbury goes after the Royal family. Bixby—What's the Royal family been doing?

An English Association football enthusiast is touring Canada, arranging for a visit of a team following the "S-c-r" code next summer. It is stated that Montreal lovers of the game have guaranteed a thousand dollars to wards the visitors' expenses. Toronto and Ottawa are expected to provide eight hundred dollars each, while Galt, Hamilton, Berlin, and other places will be assessed for smaller amounts. This all looks very well, but a man would need a pretty strong telescope to find Toronto's eight hundred. Even in the autumn not four hundred persons would turn out in this city to see an Association game if a gate were charged. Against the merits of Association football I have no word to say. It is immensely popular in England and Scotland, where it gives a livelihood to scores of professionals. Amateurs also play it to a great extent. But the game has never been in favor with Canadians who live in our centers of population. We have turned out some first-rate Association players, as the two visits of Canadian teams

to England some twelve or fifteen years ago amply proved. At least three of the Canadians received flattering offers to stay across the water and become professionals. Of course they refused. One of them was Edmund Senkler, now Gold Commissioner in the Yukon. Another was Dr. W. P. Thomson. If I remember rightly, a player from Berlin or Galt accepted the offer and "made good" in England.

But the gentlemen who propose to tour Canada next summer had better come prepared with ample funds. The team, if present plans are carried out, will strike Ontario in August. Think of Association football in a Canadian August! The idea is enough to warm one up, even in these chill November days. The teams had better take out insurance policies and have special sunstroke wards ready in the hospitals. Up the country, in Galt, Hespeler and Berlin, they play Association in the cool of the summer evenings, but towns of that size cannot turn out anything decent in the way of gates. The English gentlemen will see the country, but they will see mighty few of the country's people inside the fences of the grounds on which they will play.

OLYMPIAN.

"Have you spoken to her father?" "What's the use? She has a million in her own name."

The Princess.

By ARTHUR KETCHUM.

When I am come to the House of the Dead,
Promise me this—the Princess said:

Once a year when the land grows green,
And the pulse of the world beats strong once more,
Come to the place of my frozen sleep,
Lift the latch of my silent door.

Carry me forth to the world I loved,
The bright warm world that I left behind;
Give me the glimpse of the sun again,
The open sky and the touch of the wind.

Take me back to the streets I knew,
The noise and the clamor, the gay unrest;
The laughter and cries and the broken songs
Of the old glad life I loved the best.

Let me go brave in a silken pomp
Of purple vesture and gold attire;
Hean roses till I fair once more,
Make me warm with my jewel's fire.

Let slim brown slave-girls dance before,
And well-skilled flute-players pipe my mirth;
So let me go in the springtime sun
Back to the life of the lovely earth!

When ye come to a place that my women know,
Where the tall palms crowd in the temple square
And a rose vine swings like a pendent flame,—
Let me rest for a moment there!

Be sure that my sightless eyes will see,
And my silent heart with a gladness leap
At the touch and the sound of it all again,
Ere you bring me back to my House of Sleep.

Carry me forth as befits my state,
Slave-girls and flute-players on before;
Just one day in the happy world,
Then turn in peace from my silent door.

When I am come to the House of the Dead,
Promise me this—the Princess said.

—Atlantic Monthly.

"Let's hide in the work basket," said the mischievous garter to the fun-loving stocking. "Not by a long shot," replied the lisle thread. "I'll be darned if I do."

Dyer—So Higbee has become bankrupt! Wyld—Yes. He tried to run a forty-horse power auto on a five-horse power salary.

Evening Dress.

SOME confusion results from the multiplicity of names given the garment popularly called the "Tuxedo coat." Where this name comes from I do not exactly know, but it is unsuited and pointless. A better name is the "evening jacket," for the garment literally is a jacket (short coat) for evening wear, but many men, for mystic reason, do not take kindly to "evening jacket," and the logical substitute then is "club jacket," and as the garment is now almost entirely restricted to club use—to gatherings of men alone with a cigar to smoke and a story to tell—"club jacket" seems to me to be a more suitable name, and as fit to the garment as the skin to be gape.

The grey club suits mentioned a few months ago are simply a fad, and do not carry with them the endorsement of conservative men. When we swerve from black and white in evening dress we open the door to dangerous innovations. These two colors, and these alone, are sanctioned; and rightly so, for they express the highest elegance in dress, and mark the truest refinement.

Periodically there are mutterings from young men, who fancy that they fix the fashion, against the simple severity of formal evening clothes. But nothing is done and nothing will be done to change it. Well-dressed men are granite-like in opposing every attempt to strip evening dress of its plainness. Once in a while some young fellow may set up his own notions as the fashion and take liberties with evening dress, but the stony stare of disapproval is constantly upon him. Most of the radical innovations come from quarters that deprive them of all title to even the most casual consideration.

This year everything in clothes for men that can be made single-breasted is made that way, and so we have the single-breasted evening waistcoat as the most correct form to wear with both the Tuxedo and full dress suit. Many men make the mistake of having their evening waistcoats cut too high, producing a very ill effect; the opening should be as large as possible and well shaped, to give a symmetrical effect. Three buttons are better than two, and no braiding or fancy stitching should appear on a white waistcoat which is intended to wash.

IN EVENING DRESS SHIRTS only the "coat" type is to be considered. It has permanently supplanted all other styles entirely on its merits. It is instructive to look back and note how slowly and laboriously this excellent model has made its way to the front, and what difficulty dealers have experienced in introducing the coat shirt to the trade. When a first appeared there was a good deal of quiet ridicule at its expense, and it was put down as a "freak." But the very real advantages of this cut of the garment soon attracted the notice of the smarter men, and word of mouth has now made it a permanent feature.

FASHIONABLE EVENING TIES are of the large straight, or slightly graduated, order, with large center. This shape looks well with the "wing" or high-fold collar when worn with Tuxedo or with the "Poke" for full dress, and is more manly in appearance than the Butterfly, or small, bow of last season.

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt



W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

Prescriptions

ANDREW JEFFREY,
Yonge and Carlton Streets.

THE CHILDREN

Visit our store this week and look over our splendid stock of

Children's Books

For the young people of all ages. Let them come and look through the picture books.

BAIN'S
96 Yonge St.

PERFUMES

We have just imported from France and England the finest line of Perfumes and Toilet Waters ever shown here.

Enigma
Tanagra
Ideal
Chypre
Cytise

Huyler's Chocolates
ALWAYS FRESH

W. H. LEE
KING EDWARD DRUG STORE
OPEN ALL NIGHT

City Dairy

City Dairy milk and cream are as clean and pure as conscientious care and effort can make them. We use no coloring matter or thickener to make them appear rich—no preservative to keep them sweet—not anything to deceive the public.

PHONE
CITY DAIRY
North 2040.

MILLINERY

Smart Ready-to-Wear and Dress Hats of the latest New York designs.

Harriott's Millinery
406 Spadina Ave.
"Remodelling." Prices reasonable.



Christmas Cakes

with almond icing are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration. We ship them by express to all parts of the Dominion. Safe arrival guaranteed. Order early.

THE HARRY WEBB CO.
LIMITED
447 Yonge St., Toronto.



Conlan Bros.

Importers of Wall-Papers
Interior Decorations
Room Moulding, etc.

Painters and Decorators
Designers Fresco Painters

SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
28 Adelaide St. West
Studio Phone M. 4931.

Optometrists

Opera Glasses

Large Stock White, Smoke, Pearl and Standard Black Lenses and others at close prices.

The Culverhouse Optical Co.,
Limited
8 Richmond Street East
Confederation Life Building
Phone M. 4556. Toronto.

Opticians

HOTEL DEL MONTE

Preston Springs, Ont.

The popular Health Resort and Mineral Springs under new management. Renovated throughout. Excellent cuisine.

J. W. HIRST & SONS, Props.
Late of the Elliott House Toronto

DUSTLESS METHOD

CARPETS AND RUGS

Cleaned Without Removal from Floor

Only sanitary and effective method of house-cleaning. Satisfaction guaranteed under new management.

TELEPHONE MAIN 1413
OR DROP POSTAL TO

The
Ontario Compressed Air Dustless House Cleaning Co., Limited
59 and 61 Victoria St., Toronto

A. E. HARNETT, Manager

THE STANDARD LOAN COMPANY.

"AND take notice that the said agreement of the Shareholders of The Standard Loan Company will be held at the Head Office of the Company, No. 24 Adelaide street east, in the City of Toronto, on Monday, the 19th day of December, 1904, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of taking into consideration, and, if approved, of ratifying and accepting, an agreement provisionally entered into by the Directors of the Standard Loan Company and the Directors of the Huron and Bruce Loan and Investment Company for the purchase by The Standard Loan Company of the assets of The Huron and Bruce Loan and Investment Company upon the terms and conditions prescribed in the said Agreement."

AND take notice that the said agreement may be inspected by any Shareholder at the Head Office of the Company. Dated this ninth day of November, 1904.

W. S. DINNICK,
Vice-Pres. and Managing Director.

"The Best is Cheapest" JAEGER UNDERWEAR

IS STANDARD OF THE WORLD.
"Prevention is Better than Cure"
"Jaeger" Underwear Prevents Chills

We do not ask you to accept this statement without proof; let us send you our book on Health Culture and New Price List and figure it out for yourself. . . .

We have every weight and size 1.00 up in good underwear from . . .

WREYFORD & CO.,
Underwear Specialists,
85 KING STREET WEST.

NURSES

Hospital Graduates, \$14 to \$18 per week
Under Graduates, 10 " 14 "
Experienced Nurses 7 " 12 "

Nurses' Directory
MRS. M. S. CURRIE, Manager
284 Sherbourne St.
Telephone Main 4394.

The Diamond Horse-tooth

If interested in Men's Diamond Rings ask to see our "Horse-tooth setting."

It commands very general favor, being more substantial in appearance than the "Invisible" setting, and yet admitting the light equally well.

It is a sort of a "composite" setting in fact, combining the good features of the "Invisible" and the "Gypsy Claw."

No. 30540 in our latest catalogue is a good illustration of the value we are able to offer at \$60.00.

It is living at a Distance Cultivate the Mail Order Habit.

Ryrie Bros.
DIAMOND MERCHANTS
118-124 Yonge St.
Toronto

XMAS DIAMOND DESIGNS

As Xmas approaches the thought of what is most appropriate becomes more earnest. A diamond gift or one where diamonds form a part might be the one suggestion worthy of attention, and if so we especially ask for our selections a personal inspection.

As usual our assortments contain an almost endless variety of attractive and high-quality suggestions.

Diamond Pendants from \$75.00 to \$3,000.00
Handsome pearl Pendants, with diamonds, from \$25.00 to \$1,000.00
Attractive and uniquely designed diamond Crescents, from \$75.00 to \$1,000.00
Fashionable pearl and diamond Crescents, from \$25.00 to \$750.00
Diamond Hair Ornaments, from \$75.00 and upwards
Diamond Necklaces, and La Vallieres, from \$300.00 and upwards
14k Gold diamond Lockets, from \$25.00 to \$250.00
Diamond Bracelets, from \$100.00 to \$2,500.00

We have exceptional facilities for the designing of handsome jeweled ornaments such as Tiaras, Aigrettes, Corsage Jewelry, Medallions and Diamond designs of whatever kind.

Estimates furnished on application.

Xmas orders should be placed before December 1st to ensure prompt fulfilling.

B. & H. B. KENT,
Art Jewellers and Diamond Merchants
144 Yonge Street, Toronto

Presentation Silver

We have a choice selection of presentation silver in best English plate and sterling. A set now in our window composed of teapot, coffee-pot, sugar, cream, spoon-holder, hot-water urn and a handsome tray.

Price: \$175.00

Would be very appropriate for presentation purposes.

Proctors
JEWELLERS,
Yonge and Albert Streets

Mrs. Meyer's Banquet and Refreshment Parlors

BALL ROOM in best condition.
Catering for large or small parties.
Tel. Park 501.
1831 Queen West. Mrs. P. V. Meyer.

Baril's School of Languages

257 College St. et
250 Schools in Europe and America.
2 Gold and 2 Silver Medals.

Lessons given by native teachers at the School or at residence from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. Trial lesson free. From the very first lesson the pupil hears only the language he is studying.



SOME OF THE SEASON'S DEBUTANTES.

Photo by Galbraith.

Social and Personal.

MRS. ARTHUR GOWAN STRATHY will hold her post-nuptial receptions at the home of Mr. Jack MacKellar, a cousin of Mr. Strathy, 141 Bloor street west, on next Thursday and Friday afternoons, December 1 and 2.

The Ysaye concert, with Miss Hope Morgan and M. Jules de Beive assisting the great violinist, was so attractive to the musical and social world, not only of Toronto, but of three or four other Ontario cities, that a record audience assembled in the Massey Hall on Monday night. Beside the public in all sorts of garb, from the tweed business togs of the incorrigible lazy one to the smartest dress suit of the season, and from the lustre blouse to the bare bones of the woman who dresses not wisely but too well, beside these there were blooming fresh flower gardens of schoolgirls from the various large colleges of this center of study. In rows and groups, delicately tinted blue, pink or white, the girls were gathered under the eye of teacher or principal. They sighed ecstatically over the violinist and twinkled joyously at that refined and exquisite songstress, Miss Hope Morgan. Among the audience were Mrs. Osler of Craigleith, who chaperoned a party of young folks, including Miss Osler, Miss Gwynne of Dunlop, Miss Marjorie Cochrane, Mr. Cattanch and Mr. at hews; Mrs. Robert Smith of Stratford and her tall son; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, the Messrs. Beardmore, Mrs. Albert Macdonald and Miss Pearl Macdonald, Chief Justice and Mrs. Moss, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Riddell and Mrs. James, Captain Le Duc, Professor Deschamps, Judge and the Misses Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Reaves, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Matthews, the Misses Mackenzie and Baroness von Munchhausen, Mrs. and Miss Kerr of Rathnelly, Mrs. Vincent Greene, Mrs. and Miss Barwick, Mr. Cock-shutt, Colonel Field, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, Mr. Case, Mr. Williamson, Mr. Albert and the Misses Nordheimer, Mrs. Nordheimer of Glenora and the Misses Nordheimer, Mrs. Christopher Robinson, Miss Robinson, the Misses Lorna and Marjorie Gibbons of London, Dr. Torrington, Mrs. Otta Torrington, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Dr. Macdonald, Mrs. Harry Totten, Mrs. John Cawthra, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Miss Cawthra, Miss Ross, Miss McCutcheon, Mr. Arthur Blakeley, Miss Hannah Mackay, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Miss Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, the Misses Heintzman, Miss McLean Howard, Miss Maude Hirschfelder, Miss Anna Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Routh, the Misses Routh, Mrs. George Reid, Miss Brouse and her cousin, Miss Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Mackenzie, Mr. Harry Field, Mrs. and Miss O'Brien of Dromoland, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Miss Constance Rudyerd Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. Houston, the Misses Grace and Hilda Boulton, Mrs. Brodie, Principal and Mrs. Aiden, Mr. Smail and Mrs. Hanbury Budden, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Miss Amee Falconbridge, Mr. Frank Darling, the Misses Thompson of Derwent Lodge, Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. von Stromberg, Rev. J. Kuhling, Rev. J. P. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, Miss Gzowski, Mrs. Grantham, Dr. Allen Eames, Mr. Eickard, Mrs. Francis and Miss Langmuir, the Misses Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Cowan, Mrs. and Miss Marion Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. James George, Mr. and Mrs. Holloway, Dr. and Miss Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker and Miss Walker, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland Mackem, Miss Hellmuth and Mr. Meredith, Miss Coady and Mr. Douglass, Mr. and Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. and Miss McLeod, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. W. Goulding, Miss Byford. After a very beautiful song Miss Hope Morgan was recalled to receive a monster bouquet of chrysanthemums. She was beautifully gowned in white silk and brocade, the jupe shirred and the overdress festooned at the edge with soft folds and knots of silk, pretty falling half-sleeves of fine lace and a touch of white flowers in the coiffure. Each performer was a finished artist, the accompanists, M. Jules de Beive and Mrs. Blight, being as fine in their work as their principals. After the concert the Clif Club entertained Ysaye at McConkey's and a jolly couple of hours was spent.

Never has a prettier dance brightened the precincts of Government House than that of last Tuesday evening. There have been grander affairs, when with clank of sword and glint of spur the military element in grand uniforms trooped to and fro, or when some extra viceregal hospitality has brought out the stately dames and the men of affairs in the "presence" of elderly and obvious importance. There were no uniforms, and but one or two brocades, on Tuesday night. Instead there was what the French call *le beau de diable*, the loveliness of being young, for nine-tenths of the guests were in their first or second season only. And the girls are so pretty this year, says *madame le chaperon*, as she surveys them with an experienced glance. The date of the dance was also the anniversary of the wedding of His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, and many good wishes were offered. Some of the married folk at Government House on Tuesday were Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong Black, Colonel and Mrs. Victor Williams, Colonel and Mrs. MacLean, Major and Mrs. Jelles, Dr. and Mrs. Arthur VanKoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mitchell, Mrs. Hugh Calderwood, Mrs. Machray, Major and Mrs. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Ewart Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, and Captain and Mrs. Forsythe Grant. Mrs. Calderwood wore a very beautiful white gown with deep bertha of exquisite lace. Mrs. Mulock was also in white, with sequin trimmings; Mrs. MacLean in amethyst satin and white lace, Mrs. Armstrong Black in primrose crepe; Mrs. Macdonald, *nee* Lansing, in white silk; Mrs. Cawthra Mulock wore a very pretty pink gown and Miss Falconbridge a smart white one. The receiving party, His Honor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, with the Misses Mortimer Clark and the aides, were all that is gracious and cordial. In certain old days, when no one was introduced at Government House, and the sad spectacle of a score of fair ones in the Adamless Eden of the drawing-room might be contemplated, there was many a long and tiresome quarter of an hour for both men and maids at dances, but on Tuesday,

though a few men of the abundance might be seen holding up the decorpits, there were never any of the feminine genus of wallflowers. This was mainly on account of the untiring kindly oversight of those pattern assistant hostesses, the daughters of the house. Mrs. Mortimer Clark wore one of her very handsomest white gowns to greet the debutantes and their friends. Miss Clark also wore white satin, Miss Elise looking very sweet and pretty in palest blue. Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander wore gold-tinted brocade with a very handsome lace bertha. As for the young people coming out this month, their pretty airy frocks were generally of the orthodox white. Miss Mabel Ross wore baby blue, and came with her sister, Mrs. Mitchell, who was in black *crepe de soie*, one of the very few black gowns. Mrs. Nelles wore grey *crepe de soie*. Mrs. Victor Williams looked very well in pale pink with fine white lace. Mrs. Fred Campbell of Sherbrooke was very pretty in primrose satin. There was a Hamilton contingent, Miss Phyllis Hendrie in her prettiest white satin frock; Miss Gibson also in white touched, I think, with green, and dainty little Miss Watson, charmingly gowned. Miss Gibbons and Miss Marjorie Gibbons of London were at the dance, the debutante in white. Miss Osler, Miss Gzowski, Miss Hodgins, Miss Sylvester, Miss Phillips, Miss Naomi Morrison, Miss Kittie Gooderham, Miss Heron, Miss Ryerson, Miss Baldwin, Miss Cross, Miss Miles, Miss Kerr, Miss Reid, Miss Gordon, Miss Machray, Miss Burnham, Miss Lisle Gray, Miss Nordheimer, Miss Davidson, Miss Boulton, were some of the sweet new faces one got a glimpse of as the girls flitted by in the dance. The rests between dances were just of the right length, and the trumpeter's call was often the breaking up of a *tête-à-tête* which the debutantes relinquished with an alacrity not likely to survive many seasons. It is the dance (for these young creatures) that rules, and their energy and enjoyment are contagious. In the dining-room a buffet was served all the evening, replaced by substantial about eleven, and at one o'clock sharp the musicians began that well-known final waltz which makes the most unwilling think of "Home, Sweet Home," and the rippling laughter of a wave of humanity preceded the rapturous good-nights and assurances of beaming faces and smiling lips that everyone old and young had enjoyed the evening to its fullest. One must enliven a bit over the triumph and glory of youth in its first flush, and youth was the bryant impulse which gave a rattling good dance its flavor and kept it going till its all-too-soon conclusion. Hats off, *messieurs et mesdames*, to the debutantes of 1904!

Song of the Sport.

Broke, broke, broke
Through the blamed old nags, Oh gee!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

"If he wasn't in the smash why is he suing the railway company for damages?"
"His wife was in the train, on her way to get a divorce, and the nervous shock, together with an impairment of her complexion, caused her to drop the proceedings."

The Evening Wrap.

WHETHER it is deserved or not, I am not going to say, for I have not been just quite close enough an observer to make a note of it; but comment is current that there is a great lack of handiwork and elegance in the evening wraps worn by Toronto ladies, too much of the home-made idea about them, too much of the notion that anything is nice enough if mayhap it's only bright in color, be it never so ugly fitting. Now I wouldn't be fulfilling my mission if I didn't try to do a little educating up to better things, and just here let me suggest that I have been observant enough and curious enough to find out that for so very little more money one could step into Fairweather's, for instance, and have a choice from a collection of elegance, richness and luxury that would surprise you, really. Natural enough that it should be so, I suppose, when the opera or evening wrap was originally almost solely a fur garment.

I had the pleasure of another half-hour in "a famous fur store" this week, and because I had heard what I had about Toronto ladies and their evening wraps, I just had "the man on the floor" show me some—and say, when he told me the prices of some of them I couldn't help thinking it wasn't worth the worry to have a "home-made" garment, to say nothing of the loss in beauty as between them and the loveliness displayed in the Fairweather cases. One elegant wrap was of white brocade silk, squirrel-lined, with pretty white fluffy fur trimmings. Another one was a very rich bique cloth, squirrel-lined, with very pretty natural lynx trimmings. A very elegant thing in an Oriental wrap of French broad cloth, salmon pink silk and squirrel-lined, with squirrel trimmings. Dame Fashion hasn't confined "my lady" to the conventional opera cloak for evening wear, and the proof of it is in a grand collection of fur-lined cloaks—"automobiles" is the trade name for them, I believe—great coats in more ways than one, almost any shade of color, and suitable for evening wear, the carriage, the sleigh, or as an evening wrap. I could have gone on indefinitely, but I knew and feared the editor's look if I stretched my talk into too great length, so I leave you with just this little bit of advice: Don't let it be said that Toronto ladies are a whit behind other cities in good style.

Fairweather Design

shell, or outside, you could wish for, and suitable for evening wear, the carriage, the sleigh, or as an evening wrap. I could have gone on indefinitely, but I knew and feared the editor's look if I stretched my talk into too great length, so I leave you with just this little bit of advice: Don't let it be said that Toronto ladies are a whit behind other cities in good style.

THISTLE BRAND Canned Fish

Kipperd Herring

Finnan Haddies

Herring and Tomato

Are the best that are packed. Every package guaranteed.

Best Dealers Sell Them.



Cowan's

DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS ARE

Chocolate Cream Bars
Chocolate Wafers
Milk Chocolate

These Goods are Pure, Dainty and Nutritious.

THE COWAN CO., LIMITED TORONTO.

Grey Silver and Enamel

This is a combination much in favor in Continental Europe. A recent importation of "Liberty" goods shows handsome brooches, pendants and clocks. Prices are not out of the way, and designs and quality are absolutely satisfactory. We wish you to see our Christmas stock. It's worth seeing.

Wanless & Co.

Established 1840

168 Yonge St., Toronto.



Rich Cut Glass

Exclusive designs from the best American factories

Florian Ware Heliosine Ware

Dura Ware

ALL THE LATEST NOVELTIES

Art Pottery for Holiday Gifts

WILLIAM JUNOR 88 WEST KING ST., TORONTO.

Pearls

In Pendants and Dainty Pins

Our new designs are now ready. Call and see them and save 15 per cent Reason, small expenses.

Jewelry Parlors
Jas. D. Bailey, 75 Yonge St.

Massage

The Art of Massage (General and Facial) Electro Massage, Swedish movements, and the Naheim Method of treatment for diseases of the heart taught and administered. Patients treated at our office or at their residence as desired. References the leading physicians of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Forbes

155 ROBERT ST. Phone N 10

Switches

purchased from us are exactly as represented. They are all selected with the greatest care, and our extensive variety enables us, without difficulty, to match any shade of hair. Our prices will agreeably surprise you. Please to send you Booklet "A" showing illustrations.

Phone M. 2283

Jahn & Son

73 1/2 King W.



Dorenwend's

COME FIRST

If you consider quality and naturalness when in search of a becoming

Pompadour, Bang or Waves

You should write us for our Catalogue and see for yourself the styles and prices. Write now—it's free

The Dorenwend Co. of Toronto, Limited.
103 and 105 Yonge St.

NEW

As new as brains and a close study of the hair needs of the public can make it is the striking and becoming NATURAL SCALP PARTING invented and patented by MR. W. T. PEMBER, of TORONTO, and obtainable ONLY from him. As

NATURAL

Looking as the work of nature herself, this PARTING makes all POMPADOUR, BANGS, WAVES, TRANSFORMATIONS, WIGS and TOUPES, just worth double what they are without it from every possible viewpoint. It is a

NICE

Thing to feel absolutely and positively sure when you are wearing hair not your own, that nobody is any the wiser unless you choose to enlighten them. Such HAIR CREATIONS are PEMBER'S.

The PEMBER STORE
127-129 Yonge Street.

Carnahan's Pharmacy
Carlton and Church Sts.
Prescriptions and Perfumes

Try VESTA PINK VESTA VIOLET VESTA ROSE Wild Hay and Wild Lily Wampole's latest odors.



The Nordheimer Piano AND MUSIC COMPANY, LIMITED
16 King Street East, Toronto.



BABY'S OWN SOAP


prevents roughness of the skin and chapping.

Best for toilet and nursery use. 625 ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MRS. MONTREAL.

Let the Children Eat all they want of

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

Just what the little ones should have for mid-day luncheon and bed-time supper. It's surprising how wholesome and nourishing these light, delicious crackers really are. Ask your grocer for Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas in the moisture-proof packages that keep them so fresh.



OSTEOPATHIC DIRECTORY

The following is a complete list of fully accredited graduates in Osteopathy practicing in the city, excepting only such as may be identified in any way with those CLAIMING to be Osteopaths who hold CORRESPONDENCE diplomas. By fully accredited osteopaths is meant those who have graduated from fully equipped and regularly inspected colleges of osteopathy whose course calls for actual attendance at lectures for at least four terms of five months each.

ROBT. B. HENDERSON,
48 Canada Life Bldg.
King St. West
HERBERT C. JAQUITH,
Confederation Life Bldg.
J. S. BACK,
704 Temple Bldg.
J. ARTHUR E. REESOR,
Confederation Life Bldg.
MRS. ADALYN K. PIGOTT,
26 Homewood Ave.

COX'S SPARKLING GELATINE

FAMES for SIXTY YEARS

Gives a bright Transparent Solution and is

Always Uniformly Strong, and always trustworthy.

Sold in shredded form in well-known checkerboard boxes.

Agents for Canada—
C. E. COLLIER & SON, Montreal.
D. MASSON & CO., Montreal.
ARTHUR P. TIPPET & CO., Toronto, St. John's, N. B., and Montreal.

A Perfect Service to the Great

WORLD'S FAIR

ST. LOUIS

Over the Wabash Line

This month will be your last chance to see this wonderful exposition. On Dec. 1 its gates will be closed forever. But the great Wabash trains will continue to roll into and out of the great city of St. Louis for all time. The shortest, best and quickest route, and the only line that can land passengers right at main entrance to World's Fair Grounds. Passengers leaving Toronto on evening train arrive at St. Louis next day at noon. New palace sleepers all the way. For rates, timetables and other information address J. A. Richardson, Dist. Pass. Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Oil Upon the Waters

By MORGAN ROBERTSON

"The instrument is getting drunk," said the executive officer, as he joined the group on the after superstructure deck. "Trouble is coming from somewhere."

"Mr. Clarkson, I protest," said the chaplain warmly. "In my capacity of Gospel interpreter I protest against calling Finnegan an instrument of Providence. Why do you permit him to drink?"

"Captain's orders," said the officer. "So that he may become an instrument of Providence, Mr. Parmlee," added the surgeon, slapping the chaplain good-humoredly on the back. "Think of the many times he has saved this ship and all hands by doing something when drunk that he couldn't do if sober."

"Of course, you are right. Providence seems to choose Finnegan in some mysterious manner to— But it is bewildering. I cannot understand it. How does he know what to do?"

"You forget the subjective state," said the surgeon, "into which Finnegan is thrown when drunk. You forget the clairvoyant knowledge possessed by the subliminal self—that you call the immortal soul."

"Speak English," said the chief engineer. "Where did Finnegan get a soul?"

"Go down to your engines," answered Dr. Bryce severely. "Even they have souls—even engines have souls, though they don't know it."

"But seriously, doctor," said the engineer, "I thought clairvoyance was all humbug. What is this subliminal self?"

"The primordial brain, inherent through all organic change—of which instincts are but manifestations—that cares for drunken men and fools, that brings back the cat and the carrier pigeon, that has knowledge of all things, thoughts or conditions in heaven or earth of interest to that brain's owner."

"Does it prophesy?" asked the chaplain. "Hasn't Finnegan displayed prophetic insight?"

"Not at all—only clairvoyant knowledge of existing conditions that threaten trouble. The dumb pressure of this inward knowledge makes him uneasy, and he drinks, befuddles his objective mind, and gets in closer touch with this knowledge—in the subjective or hypnotic state. The subliminal self is dumb—it can only impart its knowledge by affirmation."

"How? Explain this," said the puzzled engineer.

"By affirmation. When the objective mind, or brain, speculates or guesses rightly—that is, when the stream of consciousness happens to touch upon anything in connection with the hidden fact known only to the subliminal self, there will be an uprush of feeling that affirms, confirms, clinches—and we act, or merely know. When this knowledge is of facts or conditions we call it intuition, when of a thought in the mind of another we call it telepathy."

"Whew!" said the engineer, waving both hands and shaking his head. "It's too much for me." He departed in mock haste.

"Mr. Clarkson," said the surgeon to the first lieutenant, "if Finnegan is drinking, he is subject to an inward pressure. What trouble threatens this ship or her people?"

"Come, that I know of," answered the executive slowly, looking around on the calm sea and blue sky. "All hands are well, this ship is invulnerable to anything but Whitehead torpedoes, and we can sink any craft carrying them before she can get near us. The forward thirteen-inch gun-mount is out of order, but we'll find the difficulty when we're out far enough. The barometer is falling, but I don't anticipate a gale, and it needs a typhoon and a cross sea to disturb this ship. No, I see no trouble—though Finnegan may. Here he is, now." They peered down over the break of the superstructure at a gray-haired, emaciated old man, with a vacant smile on his face, being pursued around the after-turret by the master-at-arms.

"Out o' this, Finnegan," said the ship's chief of police as he caught him. Then he pushed him gently forward.

"Jes' wanted to tell the cap'n 'bout it," mumbled Finnegan. "Battleships are had gun-platforms—he wants ter know it."

The first lieutenant and surgeon exchanged glances.

"What's on his mind?" asked the former. "Battleships are the best gun-platforms afloat."

"Don't know," returned the surgeon thoughtfully. "Better watch him."

"I won't have time," said the lieutenant. "You watch him. I have troubles of my own."

"All right—I will. Don't lock him up."

The group separated, and Mr. Clarkson went to the forward thirteen-inch turret, where a damaged gun-mount demanded attention; and, this attended to, his mind was taken up with the target practice of all the gun crews for the next three hours. At the end of that time two distinct and apparently irrelevant facts were brought to his busy mind—one, by messenger from the officer of the deck, that the barometer was below 29, the other that Finnegan was still drunk but no drunker. The latter fact was attested by the appearance of the old man himself in the turret, where the executive officer and the gun crews were perspiring over the work. Both guns had been loaded with solid shot, and were to be fired at extreme elevation.

"Good guns," remarked Finnegan, as the men took positions for firing. "Good guns—shoot a long way—but can't hit torpedo boats."

"Yes," answered Mr. Clarkson, eyeing him severely. "Good guns—shoot ten miles—over the horizon. Get out of here."

The harmless and useless old fellow

was hustled out and into the arms of the listening surgeon, who led him away. Then the port gun was fired, and a huge pointed cylinder of solid steel weighing over a half-ton went up into the air, while the great gun sagged back on its oil cushion.

But there were other sounds in the turret than the roar of the gun; there were the crackling of breaking steel, the swishing of hot oil and the exclamations of startled men. No one was injured; but investigation disclosed that the turret flooring had given way, that the elevating gear of both guns was damaged beyond immediate repair, and that the hydraulic rammers were disabled.

The charge in the other gun could not be extracted, and the condition of the gun-mount made it unwise to discharge the gun. The whole forward thirteen-inch turret was out of commission, and could not be repaired away from a dockyard; so, with one gun empty, the other loaded, and both pointing upward at an angle of fifteen degrees, they swung the turret amidships and left it.

"Sticking up like a couple of sore thumbs," grunted Mr. Clarkson, as he joined the surgeon and looked back at the guns. "What has the oracle to say about this?"

"You mean Finnegan?" answered the surgeon. "I've just left him. His rather muted comment was to the effect that such heavy weights at an elevation made battleships rather top-heavy and that bad weather was coming."

"Well, dammit," said the officer in amazement, "he's right; but what's taken hold of him? What means this technical crudition?"

"Don't know. I've put him to sleep in the sick-bay, and he's safe—er, rather, we're safe for a while—from prophecy."

Not altogether; Finnegan's prediction of bad weather was ratified by the still falling barometer, and before midnight the big ship was pounding into a head sea that compelled her, massive as she was, to slow down. Even at half speed the *Argyll* went through the seas often over them. Green hills of water rose over the bow, plunged aft and shattered against the forward turret and superstructure, to rise as high as the base in an almost solid mass of foam. Battleships, heavy with armor and guns, are notoriously poor sea boats, and the *Argyll* was no better than her class; she made bad weather of it. And, as though this straight-on, regular head sea were not severe enough to the big, unwieldy and very bad sea boat, the furious wind that came out of the dark like a solid mass—pressing insistently against the hull—just before daylight, and blew from a direction at right angles to the first. Then arose a cross sea—a combination of forces against which the best helmsmen often are helpless, and with her steering engine straining like an overworked giant the *Argyll* plunged and rolled, and lifted and sank, until, as day broke over the troubled ocean, Mr. Clarkson was forced to admit that another of Finnegan's comments was based upon truth; the elevated gun muzzles made her a little more top-heavy.

But typhoons are short-lived. By ten o'clock a rising barometer brought comfort to the distracted ship's company, and the wind hauled further and moderated. But there was little abatement of the bewildering cross sea, and there was an almost continuous succession of rain squalls lashing the ship that kept fully a third of the horizon hidden at all times. Yet, in spite of the general discomfort, it being Sunday morning, Mr. Pardee held services on the berth-deck.

Tired and sleepy as they were, the half-thousand men, gripping the benches to keep their seats, were impressed by the chaplain's sincere words. They listened intently, joined in the hymn played by the band, and bowed their heads in prayer as the earnest young chaplain gave thanks to the God of storms for their reprieve from death. But as his voice dropped its cadence in the final amen every man there sprang to his feet, for preceding the amen by a tenth of a second there rang through the ship a thundering report and a crash that came of nothing less than the discharge of a thirteen-inch gun.

Church "let out." Away they went, an undisciplined mob, and surrounded Finnegan descending from the big forward turret, with a startled, dumfounded expression on his face and blood streaming from a wound in it inflicted by some flying fragment of the further wrecked turret-gear. The big starboard gun had been fired, and, though it now pointed higher than before, its center of gravity was unquestionably lower; for it had broken down through the weakened flooring and hung in the wreckage, a menace to everything beneath it. They began slinging both guns in chains, and bracing them with shores—a long, hard job—while Finnegan, shocked into sobriety, but nervous and uncertain of movement, was haled into the presence of the captain and his officers. Dr. Bryce, at his own request, was permitted to do the questioning.

"Why did you fire the gun, Finnegan?" he asked kindly.

"Fore Gawd, sir," whimpered the old fellow, "I dunno—I felt like it—"

and—I dunno. I felt I oughter—that is, 'fore I did it—then I felt like a fool."

"Why did you feel that you ought to fire it? What did you think was wrong?"

"I felt—all night—yes, sir—all night I kinder dreamed o' firin' it—gettin' rid o' the weight. 'Twas on my mind when I turned out, and I jes' couldn't help it, sir."

"Had you taken a drink this morning? Speak truly—you know you are permitted to drink."

"I took three nips, sir—one 'fore breakfast."

"Then you were in normal condition. Finnegan, yesterday you said something about battleships being bad gun-platforms. What did you mean? Had you firing the gun any connection with that idea?"

Finnegan looked bewildered, but did not answer.

"You said, too," went on the surgeon, "that the big guns could shoot a long way, but could not hit torpedo boats. Do you remember what put the idea into your head?"

The old fellow looked helplessly around.

"Forgotten, I suppose," continued the surgeon. "Well, all right. Then we are to take, as your reason for firing the gun, that you considered the weight of the shot and powder a danger?"

"Yes, sir," answered Finnegan, his face clearing. "She was loggy in the seaway—she was top-heavy. I couldn't get it off my mind, sir—honest, I jes' couldn't stop thinkin'."

"Very well—that is all," said the surgeon. "Mr. Clarkson"—he turned to the executive officer—"has he improved the stability of the ship? Has he done any real good?"

"No," answered the lieutenant, eyeing the cringing old man severely. "He has lessened the moment of inertia but a trifle and the danger was past."

"Then it was an auto-suggestion, delivered to his subliminal self when the danger was real—and it persisted. He spoke last evening of bad gun-platforms, which is a thought connected with top-heaviness; and of guns shooting far, but being unable to hit torpedo boats—equally connected. Auto-suggestion and association of ideas, gentlemen, that is all."

"All?" said the irreverent chief engineer. "Isn't that enough? I thought he was only drunk."

"Not at all—simply the victim of persistent subliminal promptings, first delivered as an auto-suggestion to the subconscious mind by its objective fellow, and finding ready and reactive relief through a train of associated—"

"Oh, Lord, sir!" broke in the victim piteously. "I didn't do all that, sir. I only took three drinks."

But because the victim of auto-suggestion, subliminal promptings and association of ideas had disturbed church and the doubtful peace of the ship's company on that stormy Sabbath morning, he was consigned to the brig—where he went to sleep; and Dr. Bryce, having solved the problem to his satisfaction, sought his room to incorporate the result in a thesis he was preparing on the subject. But sleep and thesis were both impinged upon by a huge antithetical fact—forgotten by Finnegan and unconsidered by the doctor. Finnegan awakened with a groan of disgust and the doctor arose with a sigh, for there sounded through the ship the bugle call to quarters, followed by the continuous rattle of all small and secondary guns. Going to the bridge, Dr. Bryce found those of his brother officers not at stations inspecting through the rain squalls a line of long, low, four-funneled craft about a mile ahead, the most sinister and evil-appearing of all seagoing war craft, torpedo-boat destroyers.

"Great guns!" exclaimed Mr. Clarkson as the surgeon reached his side. "Is it possible that Finnegan had clairvoyant knowledge that they were there and tried to hit them? He said that the big guns would shoot a long way."

"But he also said," answered the doctor, with doubt and speculation in his face, "that torpedo boats couldn't be hit. One thought, with a subliminal inspiration, would annihilate the other."

"Let everything he said or done have relevancy except one: Why did he fire that big gun?"

"Because he was drunk," growled the listening engineer. "You fellows will get the fatheads if you don't look out. They're catching. I shall avoid you."

"No so," answered the surgeon loftily. "You are only an engineer. God made you, it is true—and He made Finnegan."

Laughing as he went, the engineer left the bridge for the engine-room, where he was needed; and for similar reasons Mr. Clarkson left further immediate consideration of Finnegan to the surgeon, and devoted himself to the problem in hand, which promised to be serious.

The sea was still heavy, running in two directions; and not only the big battleships, but the smaller, lighter and faster craft ahead were tossed and tumbled about in a manner to make accurate gun-fire impossible. But herein lay the difference and the problem in hand. While the *Argyll* had nothing but gun-fire with which to withstand those swift and elusive enemies, and was left helpless by its elimination, they, on the contrary, weakly endowed in this form of aggressiveness, dominated the situation by possession of a weapon, of gun-platforms—deadly mechanical fish that, undisturbed by wave motion or deflecting obstacle, maintain the original direction given them by the tubes from which they are propelled; that seek a twenty-foot depth and keep it while they travel at a thirty-knot rate; that carry in their heads a charge of gun-cotton, explosive on impact, that can tear out the side of the strongest battleship afloat—Whitehead torpedoes.

There were four destroyers in sight through the smother, each a magnified torpedo boat, able to take to the sea, bit carrying the usual pair of tubes and store of torpedoes. And there was strong evidence that they meant to use them. There were signals displayed from the small yards, crossed up forward, and the two rear boats circled around, taking up positions on the bow and quarter of the *Argyll*, while the two ahead shot across her path to reach similar positions on the other side. It was to be a simultaneous rush of boats

"CANADIAN" RUBBERS

The maximum of looks and wear



CECILIAN

THE PERFECT PIANO PLAYER



WITH THE AID OF

The Cecilian

anybody can play the piano perfectly. Your young people and your children can, with this celebrated instrument, produce the most delightful and artistic music. Come in at any time and let us demonstrate its merits to you.

YE OLDE **Heintzman & Co.**
FIRME OF
115-117 King St. W., Toronto

BEST QUALITY

COAL and WOOD

AT LOWEST PRICES

List of Offices

3 KING EAST
415 Yonge Street
578 Queen Street West
415 Dundas Avenue
24 Wellesley Street
Esplanade East, near Berkeley Street
Esplanade East, Post Office Church Street
Hastur Street, opposite Front Street
Pape Ave., at G.T.R. Crossing
Yonge Street, at G.T.R. Crossing
Lansdowne Ave., near Dundas Street
Cor. College and Dovercourt Road
Cor. Dufferin and Bloor Streets

THE ELIAS ROGERS CO. LIMITED.

Kay's "Leaders in Fine Furniture." Kay's

"Rogers" High-Class Furniture

at Bargain Prices

By a fortunate combination of circumstances we have bought entire stock of the

Rogers Furniture Co.

These goods are so well known that we have merely to mention the fact. The sale is now in progress at the old stand of the Rogers Furniture Co., 97 Yonge St.

The opportunity is an extraordinary one to secure some of the best furniture in the Dominion at nearly one-half regular price.

Letter orders will receive the same attention as if you were making a personal selection.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO., Limited,
36-38 King St. West, Toronto.

Covernton's Carbolic Tooth Wash

GOOD FOR BAD TEETH, NOT BAD FOR GOOD ONES, AS IT CLEANS AND PRESERVES THEM

25c., 50c. and \$1.00
For Sale by all Druggists.

THE IDEAL BEVERAGE
should quench the thirst, cheer and stimulate and nourish or strengthen.

LABATT'S India Pale Ale

is well known as a pure and wholesome beverage, both refreshing and salubrious. You are invited to try it, and if found satisfactory to you to ask your merchant for it.

Toronto's New Book Shop.

It was truly said by the poet Bacon that "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested"—from which it is apparent that the seller of books must cater to a wide variety of tastes. But all true book-lovers have one taste in common—a keen appreciation of the beautiful. It is a fact well known to all who read that the pleasure to be derived from a good book is greatly enhanced or lessened according



INTERIOR OF TYRRELL'S NEW BOOK SHOP.

as the book is beautifully made, or of a cheap and tawdry nature in its binding, printing and illustration. To carry the idea a bit further, it is equally true that the pleasure of book-buying—and what true lover of books will deny that it is one of his chief pleasures?—is largely dependent upon the place where one buys. The need of attractive surroundings, the harmony of environment, so to speak, is perhaps more pronounced in the selling of books than in any other line of business; and it is due to a realization of this fact on the part of the well-known book connoisseur, Mr. William Tyrrell, that we now have a book shop in Toronto which will compare favorably with any on the continent.

Conveniently situated at 7 and 9 King street east, the new Book Shop of William Tyrrell & Co. is indeed a model home for a book business—a shop that is not only a source of delight to the bookloving section of the community, but a credit to the city and an establishment to command the admiration of strangers as well.

The exterior is modelled after the most approved of modern styles. The windows, constructed of hard wood and plate glass with rounded corners, lend themselves readily to effective displays, and when filled with the latest productions in the world of books—and Canadians were long ago assured that Mr. Tyrrell encourages only the best authors—and a tasty selection from the Book Shop's art department, form an attraction that compels the most hurried and blasé passer-by to pause for a moment and admire. It will be noted, moreover, that to enhance the beauty of the exterior and increase the supply of daylight illumination for the interior, liberal use has been made of prism reflecting glass.

The result of this is apparent on entering the store, which has as one of its most pleasing distinguishing features an entire absence of dark corners, even those sections of the shop most remote

bright and cheery aspect which is too seldom a feature of city stores. The accompanying illustration gives but the vaguest idea of the size and beauty of the interior.

It was to be expected from so experienced a book-seller as Mr. Tyrrell that he would have an ideal arrangement as far as convenience is concerned; and, indeed, the careful planning of shelves and tables in the new shop affords customers such complete access to the stock as to entitle this establishment to be termed perfect in this respect. An inspection of the Book Shop would not be complete without a visit to the Art Section. Here we find an alcove set apart for the excellent reproductions of art according to modern methods; and in order to provide a fitting environment for the beautiful pictures displayed, special care has been taken with the decorating and lighting of this attractive corner, which will doubtless come to be a well patronized rendezvous of those who understand and appreciate things artistic. The atmosphere of the place is so quiet and reserved that the real book-lover feels that the ideal of book-selling has here been attained.

Ample provision has also been made for the stationery department of the Book Shop—a feature of the business which might almost be termed unique, so complete is the stock carried and so well posted is this progressive firm on all matters pertaining to society stationery and its correct printing.

Altogether, the new Book Shop is about as attractive a spot as can be found in the business section of the Queen City—an opinion which will be concurred in by all who have called upon William Tyrrell & Co. in their new home. The firm has extended to the public a cordial invitation to visit the shop and admire both it and its contents, whether they wish to purchase of the latter or not, and SATURDAY NIGHT advises its readers to take advantage of that invitation.

More Letters from Lithia.

MY DEAREST PALEOLITHIC—
I sympathize with you, I do really. I've been there myself. I can see quite clearly that that young man is only bluffing, and you'd better make an awful example of him at once. Of course, if, as you say, there are no steps leading up to your front door, you can't very well remove any of them. I think if I were you I shouldn't take much trouble with a man like that. It's a pity you don't keep a tame animal about the house that you could set on to him. As, however, you are a novice at fighting, I should let the proceedings be perfectly simple. When he talks about a moonlight stroll, lead him up to the top of the precipice near your house. Then tell him to shut his eyes and open his mouth and see what the fairies will send him; and while he's waiting to see, pick up a nice weighty flint and



"I dropped him a little clip to go on with."

slosh him with it, and then drop him down the cliffs. You will find that the next young man who comes dangling after you will be more business-like.

My bashful suitor, Bili, is laid up for the moment, as, of course, I had to do something. I told you he seemed dreadfully nervous, and all that; but when I got him to talk at last, he was really a most cheerful sort of person. As I sat there, holding his hand, a catarrhus began to well in the distance, and Bili said he didn't like to hear that, as it was a sign of death. After a while he said that things had been going wrong with him for a long time. One of his houses had fallen in suddenly on the tenants, and walled them right in, and now, he said, the Parish Council is going to sue him for keeping a private cemetery without a license. He asked me whether I would like to stroll round there one evening and help him to recover the remains so as to get them off his property. I told him that it was very nice of him to think of me when there was any little form of amusement going, but I was afraid I could hardly spare the time. As things were getting rather dull and monotonous, I asked him right out whether his intentions were honorable. He said they were honorable enough as far as that goes, but he feared he was a doomed

joke; but I never did have a sense of humor, thank Heaven, whatever my faults may be. As I strolled back to the ball-room, I heard a peal of laughter just behind me, and on turning round I saw this Bili creature actually spooning with that odious Tottie Fairlie, and repeating to her the story of his adventure with me. So, of course, I just strolled over to him in a casual sort of way, and finding somebody's club on the ground, I picked it up, and said if he had any little message he'd like to send to his mother, he'd better get it off his chest at once. As he didn't seem to quite grasp the situation I dropped him a little clip to go on with. Unfortunately, I didn't hit him quite hard enough, and the club, being a bit too heavy for me, fell out of my hands, and that cat Tottie snatched it up and ran off with it to prevent further trouble. I was therefore reduced to the rather cheap and vulgar expedient of trying



"The young man has been looking for soft places to sit on ever since."

man. He had a premonition that he should die young, and he would like, if that happened, to be buried somewhere near our garden so that I could come and drop a flower on his grave when I wasn't too busy. That made me a little impatient, and I told him right out that if he was asking for it, he could stroll round to our place and choose his grave at once, and I would do the rest. You will hardly believe it, my dear, but he heaved a great sob that shook a lot of loose gravel down the bank on to my head, and then slid back to the ball-room alone. Upon my word, I do think manners are getting scarcer among the men every season. I naturally concluded that I had been mistaken in Bili's attitude towards me. I have heard there are men who, when threatened with matrimony, are overcome with grief, and shed tears copiously; and it seemed to me that I had stumbled on one of the breed unaware. And I need hardly say that I have no intention of tying myself up to a mere weeper. My poor Fredilite was bad enough, but I will say this for Freddie—that he always took his gruel standing up and never snivelled about it. As for Bili, I was quite mistaken in him. His dismal attitude during our *litte-tle* was, it appears, only meant for a

ing by milking it and swapping the milk for cranberries and buttercup roots. So I told him if he liked to go and see Pa about it, we might come to terms, as while I don't allow Pa to restrict my freedom of choice in matters of sentiment, I regard him as a very competent financial adviser; and this was a business deal all the time. Pa's reply to the young man was to lift a foot and boot him abruptly off the premises. Pa explained to me afterwards that the young man didn't know what he was talking about. The mastodon might keep him for a little while, but any time a neighbor wanted to rush the premises and secure the animal for his private use, my young man would be incapable of offering opposition, and our living would be gone. Indeed, Pa said he had had a mind to go round and collar the mastodon himself, just to set a good example to the community. As the young man has not been near the place since, I conclude that he admitted the force of Pa's argument. So I am practically alone again in the world. I have one or two chances in the air, but nothing that you could honestly call a direct bite, so far.—Your loving friend,

LITHIA.

—Pick-me-up.

Words to the Wise.

A difficulty is at the door of every delight.
Gold fetters are not more elastic than iron.

Respectability is no substitute for repentance.

It takes a great man to do little things well.

A man loses force as soon as he begins to worry over his feelings.

You know what a man lives for when you know what he looks at when alone.

Many people think they are living for character who are only fighting for reputation.

An Extra Overcoat.

Many Toronto men who pay close attention to matters of dress are adopting the custom of keeping two separate overcoats for wear during the winter months. They have, in the first place, a sort of dress overcoat, either with skirts or in the Chesterfield style. Then they also use an ulsterlike garment of tweed for stormy weather and for traveling. Levy Bros., the well known tailors, are showing some particularly fine goods for either kind of overcoat—beautiful meltons and heavers for the Chesterfield style, and smart tweeds for the more rough-and-ready garments.

Knicker—And was the love letter Exhibit A?
Knicker—No, Exhibit Jay.

It is just as essential to have your rubbers up-to-date in style as it is your boots.

That is why almost everybody wears

"Maltese Cross" Rubbers

They Fit Well Look Well Wear Well

Ask to see our watered silk design.

Manufactured only by
THE GUTTA PERCHA & RUBBER MFG. CO. OF TORONTO,
LIMITED
Branches—MONTREAL and WINNIPEG.

NO LAUNDRIES CAN SHRINK
THE
WOLSEY
ALL WOOL

Underwear

Read this: The National Laundry Co., Ashton Old Rd., Man. writes, "Sir—It would be an impossibility for anyone to shrink the 'Wolsey' Garments."

Why bother with Underwear that shrinks and becomes unwearable in a short time? You should buy "Wolsey," which is all wool, of perfect texture, hygienic, durable, always beautifully soft and elastic and never shrinks.

SUPPLIED BY ALL DEALERS
Mind it must be "Wolsey" and not an imitation.

Every Genuine Garment
Bears this Trade Mark

THE WOLSEY
UNSHRINKABLE

No Breakfast Table
complete without

EPPS'S

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

\$12.80 TO ST. LOUIS
From Toronto & Return
Allowing stop-over privileges at Chicago, Detroit, and intermediate Canadian Stations. Leave Toronto in through Pullman sleepers at 8.00 a.m. and 4.40 p.m. daily.

\$13.40
Toronto to Chicago and Return
Account International Live Stock Exposition.

Good Going November 27th, 28th and 29th, 1904. Valid returning on or before December 5th, 1904.

\$1.50
Toronto to Guelph and Return
Account Ontario Winter Fair, Guelph. Good going December 3rd, valid returning on or before December 12th, 1904.

For tickets and full information call at City Ticket Office, north-west corner King and Yonge Streets.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

\$13.40 Chicago
and Return from TORONTO
Going Nov. 27, 28, and 29; returning until Dec. 5.

\$1.50 Guelph and Return
FROM TORONTO
Going Dec. 3 to 9; returning until Dec. 12.

\$12.80 St. Louis
and Return from TORONTO.

Tickets on sale daily until Dec. 1. Stop-over at intermediate Canadian points, Detroit and Chicago. First-class Sleeping Car leaves Toronto at 7.55 p.m., running direct to World's Fair grounds.

For particulars call on any Can. Pac. Agent, Toronto Ticket Office, 1 King street east, or write to C. B. Foster, D. P. A., Toronto.

OUR SPECIALS.

Business Suits, \$22.50
Overcoats, \$22.50
Trousers, \$5.00

WRITE US on a postal card for samples and self-measurement form.

Frank Broderick & Co.,
113 King St. West, Toronto

HEADACHE

Neuralgia and Nervousness cured quickly by
HAZEL'S HEADACHE
HAZEL'S HEADACHE
No heart depression. Greatest cure ever discovered. Take no other, 10c and 25c. All dealers or direct from
HAZEL & CO., SIMCOE, ONT. Money back if not satisfied.

New and Old
Mexico

conveniently
and quickly
reached via
the Santa Fe

Through Sleepers
to Albuquerque
and El Paso

A look at the map
will show you the
lay of the land and
how the Santa Fe covers it

F. T. HENDRY
General Agent
151 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

Santa Fe
ALL THE WAY

ANTIQUE FURNITURE

At this season of the year we are able to offer many choice examples of **Fine Furniture** for Drawing-rooms and other apartments at exceptionally low prices to make place for our holiday importations.

B. M. & T. JENKINS,
422-424 YONGE ST.
MONTREAL AND LONDON, ENG.

Cost of Testimonials

Numerous firms have flooded this market with cheap alcoholic stimulants which they offer to the unsuspecting public as medicinal preparations. Their flaring advertisements in the daily press contain numerous "Testimonials"

which are exchanged for photographs, goods, or money.

The Unimitable Tonic

VIN MARIANI

has received quantities of Unsolicited endorsements, not only from the leading celebrities of Europe and America,

but also from such exclusive Royal Households as:

ENGLAND, RUSSIA, AUSTRIA, TURKEY,
NORWAY, SWEDEN, GREECE.

—AND ALSO FROM—

HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS X.

Vin Mariani has achieved success and the reward for M. Angelo Mariani's life's work on a SOLICITED, without money as it is without price.

All
Druggists

Everywhere



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West
Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office, } Main 1700
 { Editorial Rooms, }

Subscriptions for Canada, United States and Great Britain addresses will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... \$5.00
Six Months..... 3.00
Three Months..... 1.50

Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.
Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETORS

Vol. 18 TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 26, 1904 No. 3.



THE DRAMA

At the Princess this week *Cupid & Co.*, which its perpetrators call "a musical farce," is playing to good houses. It is the latest addition to a wearisomely long list of the jumbles of songs and antique gags that have passed for entertainments for the last two years. It shows no originality, no real comedy, but it serves as an excuse for filling the stage with over-dressed girls who jump around and show themselves. Most of the so-called characters are "borrowed" from other shows or are flat from having been pressed between the covers of moth-eaten volumes for unnumbered ages. Most of the girls have been on the stage before. As it claims to be musical, let it go for that. It is certainly not a dramatic entertainment; therefore I cannot pretend to judge it.

The Crisis is here for the third time, and, as usual, is drawing big houses at the Grand Opera House. As is well known, it is an excellent dramatization of Winston Churchill's popular novel. Miss Nannette Comstock has replaced Miss Isabel Irving in the role of Virginia Carvel and gives an excellent interpretation of the part, although it is one of limited possibilities. Henry Bayard makes an admirable Colonel Carvel. The part of Judge Whittle is played with discretion and point by John B. Cooke. Stephen Brice is well portrayed by Crosby Leonard, and Melville Hunt gives a good account of himself as Clarence Colfax. The stage setting and costumes are excellent, and last, but not least, the whole company work well together.

In spite of her name, Madame Slapoffski is drawing big houses to Shea's this week, and deserves all the applause she gets, for without exception she is the best singer that we have heard at this house this season. Her voice is a soprano of great power, range and flexibility, and her phrasing and enunciation are excellent. In fact, so splendid an artist is she that it is surprising she is so little known. Mattie Keene and company present *Her First Divorce Case*, which is the first vaudeville sketch that Ella Wheeler Wilcox has yet written. It is a clever little sketch and possesses both humor and pathos. It depicts a scene in the law office of Humm & Howl, where a young couple want a separation, and where Lawyer Howl, who is of the fair sex, effects a reconciliation. Billy Link, a blackface monologist, is rather vulgar. The Four Original Madcaps do some rather clever dancing of an eccentric and gymnastic order. Matthews and Ashley have a clever skit called *Money Mad*. The Four Bard Brothers use their muscles with effect in their acrobatic work, and with Besnah and Miller and the kinetograph complete the bill.

Next week at the Princess George Bernard Shaw's bright little comedy, *Candida*, will hold the boards. It is said the company includes the original New York cast. It is needless to enter into a description of the play, for the wide notice that it received in the papers and magazines during its run in New York must make it familiar to all. The fact that it is by Bernard Shaw is in itself sufficient guarantee of its quality, even did we know nothing of it. As this is one of the very few good things looked for the Princess this year, so far as I have heard, I should strongly recommend my readers not to miss it.

An attraction that is a bit out of the ordinary is announced for the Grand Opera House next week. It is *The Liberty Belles*, a musical comedy in three acts by the well-known author, Harry B. Smith. The theater-going public of Toronto will remember that this same musical comedy company appeared in this city at dollar-fifty prices not more than a year ago, and from the dramatic critics' standpoint was one of the musical treats of the season. *The Liberty Belles* this year is a much larger organization than when seen here last. Twenty-five big musical numbers have been added to the already large programme, and in addition to all this the management has secured at great expense the "Radium Ballet," which is the main feature of *Pif Paul Poo*, now running at the Casino, New York. The secret of the success of *The Liberty Belles* lies in its novel effects, its liveliness, tunefulness, its beautiful and talented young women—in the fact that it is a pure and clean entertainment. During the week matinees will be given on Wednesday and Saturday.

For next week Mr. Shea promises another excellent bill which will include Pewitt, the mysterious face. This act was at Hammersmith's Roof Garden in New York City during all of last summer, and met with enormous success. Then there will be the Robert Troupe, a recently imported European acrobatic act; Gracie Emmett & Co., Louise Dresser, Eckert and Berg, Jack Norworth, and several others.

Daniel Frohman had in the November number of a New York magazine a most absurd article on the drama, and now Mr. Norman Hapgood, one of the most competent dramatic critics in the United States, and at present editorial writer for *Collier's Weekly*, comes out with some comment on Mr. Frohman's literary effort. Here is Mr. Hapgood's editorial: "The American drama is controlled almost wholly by a



THE VILLAIN DIES.

C. D. GIBSON in Collier's Weekly.

group of some half a dozen men. Mr. Daniel Frohman, not technically part of the syndicate, is part of it essentially, and he is the only one of the aggregation that is looked upon as a person so cultivated and 'literary' that he is fitted occasionally to promulgate critical ideas in print. These exhalations of intellect at least avoid the danger of soaring beyond the vision of the ordinary reader. In his latest magazine treatise on the art of which his brother is the king, Mr. Frohman lays down with the calmness of omnipotence what 'must be' in drama. The story and its complications need not be new, though their treatment must be fresh, and every year requires a more novel, though not necessarily *outré*, setting than the last. The love story must be clear and distinct in the mind of the dramatist, and he must find an obstacle in its course. This obstacle, reasonably, convincingly, ingeniously, he must remove. Good-by to *Roméo and Juliet*, of course to every tragedy, to the best of Hauptmann and Sudermann, even to *The Admirable Crichton*, which, by the way, would have horrified the syndicate had it not borne the name of Barris. There is no cause for surprise in Mr. Frohman's opinion that *Hamlet* is 'no play.' The characters, which were undoubtedly preconceived character-studies, are strung together, hanging limply from an old-fashioned peg, jostling against one another like stray individuals in a crowd and exposing their inmost hearts without rime or reason. *Hamlet* himself is a purposeless hero, antagonizing the audience with his vacillations and cowardice and uncertainty. We do not pretend to know what 'preconceived character-studies' are, but are comforted to have Mr. Frohman speak a good word for Laertes. Truly, there you have the embryo for a part that, worked up into the whole drama, would exactly suit a Frohman star and make a Frohman play. 'What,' exclaims Mr. Frohman, 'would be a modern manager's impression to-day if confronted by the manuscript of a play like *Hamlet*, if proffered for its theme and its purely technical construction? What, indeed, if the manager were an American and a member of the syndicate? Mr. Frohman observes that in *Tess*, *Tanqueray*, and *Fedora*, *Cleopatra* and *Patrice*, 'the action is coldly classical.' Sardou, nevertheless, seems to be his high-water mark. Ranging over the whole field of dramatic art, Mr. Frohman ends with an inspiring list of masterpieces, selected at random, he says, but all 'sound, sane, and convincing in theme, plot, character, and treatment.' *The Lady of Lyons* is made remarkable for 'character-study'—the quality in which *Hamlet*, if we understand Mr. Frohman, is such a failure. *The Wife* is on the list as 'a splendid variant' of *The Banker's Daughter* theme. No wonder American legends include the tale that when Miss Maude Adams wished to play *Roméo and Juliet*, Mr. Charles Frohman ordered a scenario prepared for his personal use.

New York Letter.

From Our Special Correspondent.

THE annual great Horse Show has, of course, held the center of the stage all week, envied as it was on all sides by the superb society of New York's four-hundred-and-four.

Financially, this year's show has been unusually

successful, great crowds thronging Madison Square Garden day and night; while socially, we are told, the affair assumed some of its old-time brilliance, the real aristocracy resuming its patronage, and crowding into the background the *nouveau riche*, to whom they had temporarily yielded place. Of this last fact I speak from hearsay only, not being sufficiently expert in these distinctions to be quoted first-hand. That it was brilliant, however, in the extreme, my own boardwalk observations can attest, and that some of the necklaces worn were worth as much as \$100,000 has never been denied by their owners.

Wagner's *Simple Life*, selling at ten cents a copy on the streets of New York, has evidently made little impression as yet on high life, though in this connection, we are told, the gowns and millinery worn this year were much simpler than those of former years, a fact, I believe, on which the feminine portion of the arena took occasion to congratulate itself. Still, we have not heard from the male side yet, and until the bills are rendered one cannot speak definitely. Simplicity is usually a very precious thing, and I fear this may prove no exception. Perhaps it was this 'simplicity' that caught the curious gaze of the 'boardwalk.' Oh, that gaze! It makes one's blood freeze to contemplate. I would not be an aristocrat in New York, not even for its income—at least not while it is still so conspicuous a privilege. In Toronto you can form no conception of the boardwalk manners of a New York Horse Show. There you make at least some effort to see inconspicuously, or observe without making your observation too obvious. Here, there is absolutely no effort at concealment. 'Ladies' will take up a position in front of a box, at a distance of less than three feet, and deliberately raise lorgnettes or opera glasses toward the occupants, remaining there until every detail of a toilette has been noted. In front of one box I noticed what appeared to be a mob. I thought that possibly a pickpocket had been pinched, and was confirmed when the mob began to move toward the entrance, evidently following some excitement. I learned afterwards that the Duchess of — had been the occasion of this demonstration.

But of the Horse, whose show this was ostensibly. On the whole, though our backs were often turned, I think he attracted more attention than formerly. The entries were very numerous, some of the competitions excited a great deal of interest, and some of the awards, alas! gave rise to much bitterness of soul—one of the lady exhibitors even withdrawing her horses from the Garden before the final competition on Saturday.

Miss Ella S. Ross, an English exhibitor, displayed a liking for turquoise blue in her appointments, a taste, however, she was unable to communicate to the judges, unfortunately, and all her horses went down to defeat. She has decided to try again next year, without the turquoise.

One new feature of the show was the 'pig pen' test, designed for qualifying horses to clear two or more obstacles in quick succession, without an intervening ten-acre field for the run. This is the rule: 'The contestants will be required to ride over an in-and-out, stop, turn back and ride in again, but taking the side bars to get out; then ride up to a post and rail fence and without dismounting, slip out the top rail

and jump the remaining bars. The horses to be judged on their manners and performance.' This proved an excellent event, and in spite of many stumbles and broken rails the performance was a very creditable one.

With the Horse Show New York's season may be said to commence. This week, society will unfold still further when the Metropolitan throws open the doors of its larger opportunity. That it will be a brilliant season there is no room to doubt.

Notwithstanding the strong counter attraction of the Horse Show, Sir Charles Wyndham was greeted by a brilliant audience when he opened his New York engagement at the New Lyceum last week. The visits of this distinguished actor to America are too infrequent to be ignored and the promise that he would appear this season has long been treasured as one of the dramatic events of the year. Consequently all theater-goers have long been on the tiptoe of expectation.

That Sir Charles should open in *David Garrick* is natural, no doubt, in spite of the fact that it was already his famous role here nearly twenty years ago. But the play is one of which neither the actor nor the public apparently ever tires, though I believe King Edward is quoted as asking Wyndham to put on another, when he had seen *Garrick* for the seventh time. His Majesty no doubt felt that, after the seventh performance, he had scriptural authority against further forbearance. There is also, in the same connection, an Irving story to the effect that when Wyndham was about to open his new London theater, the two actors met, and conversation naturally turned on the new theater and the piece that should open it. After some explanation as to the difficulty of finding a new play, Wyndham thought it would probably be 'Little Lays again.' One can only fancy the expression and intonation of the reply, 'And after that, is it *Little Lord Fauntleroy*?' Eh?

It would be idle to deny that Sir Charles is no longer young enough to look the part. Not that he is within a thousand years of old age, but for the hero of this little romantic comedy that involves the maiden love of the London alderman's romantic young daughter, we ask at least the semblance of youth, though it disguise a riper manhood.

Eighteen or twenty years ago, Mr. Wyndham's *Garrick* was compared to the late E. A. Sothern's, while this generation will no doubt draw comparisons between this and the more recent production of Mr. E. S. Willard. Comparison is likely enough to be odious at any time, and a certain English actor-manager who ought to know, says that this method is the curse of American criticism. However that may be, let us confess it and proceed.

Comparing these two performances, then, the present production is less pleasing than Mr. Willard's, though I am well aware how near to a heresy this innocent remark may bring me. Nature has simply not been so kind to Sir Charles as to this other favorite, and we miss at the outset, the beautiful poses, the little subtleties of countenance, the smile that begins in the eyes and hovers about the mouth—indefinable and sweet as it is—that make up the charm of Mr. Willard's *Garrick*, particularly in that first act in the interview with Alderman Ingot. In fact, I think that in Mr. Willard's there is more delicate subtlety all through, both in his reading and in his artistry, but less sincerity and therefore less conviction. Wyndham has put more into the character, more wealth of feeling, more of the passionate, earnest, soil-stirring quality of drama, but to do this and preserve the spirit of comedy he has broadened the humorous parts, the *Smiths* and the *Browns*, for instance, into pure farce. Even Ingot is given to punning and poor jokes that bespeak a literary interest and information quite apart from the materialism of his character—such observations as 'the touch of nature that makes the world begin.'

One would think that instead of broadening this French caricature of these prosperous London citizens, there would be some attempt to re-write the characters within the limits of credulity. For, as everyone knows, this was originally a French play called *Sullivan*, after Barry Sullivan, whose name filled the London boards about that period. And in depicting the city personages the writer's Gallic imagination, undoubtedly, took the place of more intimate acquaintance with his subject. From the French the piece soon landed on the Italian stage, and from there the late T. W. Robertson brought it to England, changing the name to *Garrick*, but preserving the French burlesque of London citizens in its entirety. This name *Garrick* is no doubt responsible for the numerous legends that have associated the romantic plot with an incident in the life of the well-known actor whose name it bears.

The famous second act is, of course, the great act and the one for which Wyndham's *Garrick* is justly celebrated beyond all others. In its portrayal of conflicting emotions—the simulation of the drunken actor, debauchee and gamster, playing a part within a part, and every moment shattering the sweet faith he would keep; provoking the woman's scorn, while his heart is torn with love for her, but which on his honor as a gentleman he may not for a moment betray—we have a scene wonderfully powerful and the undoubted work of a master. As the lover in the last act, he is equally perfect. At one moment exposing the ardent warmth of his great passion, and in the next subduing it from a sense of duty, he lets the audience wait breathless on 'the dangerous edge of things,' expecting every moment to see the lovers engulfed in their own happiness.

As Ada Ingot, Mary Moore is disappointing. Perhaps she has grown tired of a rather tiresome part, for she has played the part nearly as often as Sir Charles has played *Garrick*. The company is otherwise a fairly good one, the support in every case proving at least adequate.

The little woman placed her hands on her husband's shoulders and looked at him, her soul in her eyes. 'There isn't anything you would not attempt for me, is there, Henry?' she asked. 'Nothing,' said Henry, his mouth shutting resolutely. 'You would even risk death for me, wouldn't you?' 'I would, and gladly!' 'Then, dear, please go down in the basement and discharge the cook.' But Henry's face paled and his knees trembled, for he realized that he had spoken rashly.



DROPPING THE COOK.

"Farewell," she cried, "and may thy constant mind
Still think of me when I am far behind."

Politicians and The Veil.

A FRIEND of mine with whom I was in conversation the other day expressed his curiosity to know what was likely to be done with the politicians of this country whose reputations had become injured by their having been mixed up in election crookedness and other questionable deals connected with politics. I mentioned Sir Richard Cartwright's friend, Mr. Jackson, as an example of what was being done with them.

"That's exactly what I mean," said my friend. "At present they are getting all the good things in sight. But such a condition must soon come to an end. Things are getting into an awful state."

Though I felt that it was a shame to smile at his anxiety, I really couldn't help it. It struck me as so fantastic that a Canadian—and an Ontario man at that—should work himself up into a state of excitement over the future of damaged politicians, that I think my grin was almost excusable. However, it takes all kinds of people to make up an electorate, so I suppose no one should be surprised if he run across a real serious one now and then.

"Would it not be a good idea if they were to start in seriously to prosecute and convict these fellows who systematically and persistently disgrace our country by perpetrating such frauds upon the electors as we have become familiar with during the last few years?" my friend continued.

We were near a drug-store. I took him in and asked the druggist to mix him up a soothing draught—something to settle his nerves. And I tapped my forehead suggestively. After taking it he seemed all right, so we started up street again. We had only gone a few yards, however, when back again he went to the subject of damaged politicians and the advisability of sending them to jail. I tried to reason with him, but all to no purpose. He was perfectly sober—and yet he seriously advocated the punishing of politicians, and statesmen even, who could be proven, on evidence which would be deemed sufficient to convict a common man of stealing a pair of boots, to have been mixed up in or to have profited by any political fraud upon the electors of the country. For an hour I tried persistently to talk him out of his absurd hobby, but succeeded in making seemingly no impression on his determination to advocate the punishment of politicians just as if they were responsible persons, amenable to the law.

Incomprehensible as it may seem, the idea persisted in sticking in my head. I tried to argue with myself as I had argued with my friend, but still the idea that it wasn't for the general good of the country that men—even



"I saw an ex-Cabinet Minister in stripes."

though they be the servants of Cabinet Ministers—should be permitted to break the law and escape the punishment provided for such infraction persisted. Finally the thing took such a hold on me that I gasped as I thought of the inevitable extreme to which my inability to resist the subtle workings of my friend's suggestion was leading me. Why should not even a Cabinet Minister be punished? Clearly I was losing control of myself. My nerves must be getting into a bad way, I decided. I took a stiff horn of whisky and set out on a long walk through the country, in the hope that the violent exercise, the fresh air and the stimulant would restore me to the normal condition of the ordinary, everyday Canadian which I have always prided myself that I am. It was no go. With every step I took, "Kingston," "Kingston," "Central," "Central," would evolve itself out of what had hitherto been the ordinary and decidedly vulgar squeaking of my boots. The thing was becoming terrible. I had difficulty in controlling myself. I felt like a traitor or even an assassin. I drank much whisky and went to bed.

In the night I dreamed of terrible things. I saw an ex-Cabinet Minister in stripes—breaking stones in the public streets—and a guard standing over him with a repeating rifle in his hand, ready to shoot at the first sign of an attempt to escape. It was horrible. With a loud scream I sprang from my bed to the center of the room, the cold sweat standing out in beads on my trembling flesh—and "Stratton!" I shouted wildly.

Now why I should have called on Mr. Stratton in my half-delirious fit of terror I cannot explain. I have not even the honor of knowing Mr. Stratton, though I could readily recognize him if I were to see him. I suppose it was just because his happens to be about the best-known name in the Ross Cabinet of the Period of the Decadence—and involuntarily I cried out to a Cabinet Minister to witness that the horrible picture I had seen was but a phantom portrait, not the voluntary work of my mind.

In a little time I returned to my bed, soothed by an insidious elixir—and between about three o'clock and the common time for rising, peace came to me. In my sleep I solved the question what to do with politicians who have gone astray. The Veil, the Veil's the thing! It is customary for ladies, at least it used to be customary—the fashion seems to have died out almost entirely in the present day—for ladies occupying high social positions to take the veil whenever they had made themselves the victims of their own "indiscretions." At one



"Removed from the storm and stress of the world."

time the convents used to be so crowded with unfortunate ladies of this kind that it was difficult for the unblemished maiden to secure accommodation within the sacred walls. In the time of Louis XIV. the landscape of France was beautifully decorated with these modest yet dignified houses of contrition. Why not in our own day introduce a system that would insure an even more lavish decoration in our own land?

Why should self-inflicted humiliation be the privilege of women? Why should repentance be regarded as an outgrowth of the sex? What a unique spectacle—immense numbers of women famous in our land as were at one time across the seas the neck and ankles of a Montespan or Pompadour! What an example for our politicians of the next generation! What a com-



THE LADIES OF RIDEAU HALL.

Reading from left to right, upper row—THE COUNTESS OF MINTO; LADY GREY, wife of the newly-appointed Governor-General, LORD GREY; LADY LISGAR. Lower row—PRINCESS LOUISE, the COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN, LADY LANG-DOUNE, the COUNTESS OF DUFFERIN, and LADY STANLEY.

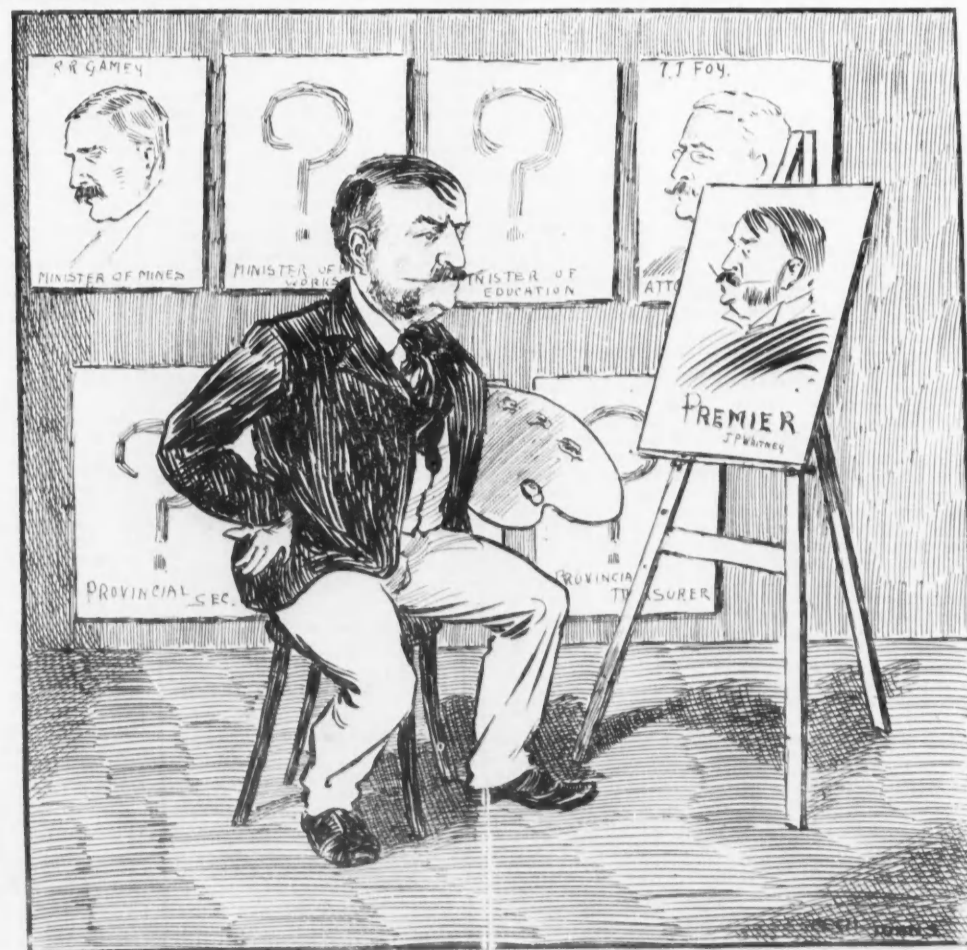
fort to which to look forward! The lives of the penitent would be simple, not uncomfortable, and perhaps even useful. They would be removed from the storm and stress of the world. No more could temptations trouble them. No more would they run the constant danger of falling, of prostituting themselves to some base end. No, they would confine their peaceful lives to the sunset—wading silently and knee-deep through the ashes of desire without fear or anxiety. What a commendable solution of the present unhappy condition of politics! A convent for the politically fallen! Is there not something strangely peaceful and full of hope in the name? A harbor of refuge for the weaker vessels which have become slightly cracked by too much railroading! Ah, I like to dwell on the thought! Would not the members of the Ontario Cabinet look sweetly pretty and inspiring robed in solemn black, marching modestly to chapel to renounce their past! Imagine the modest features of a Ganey under the veil! What could be more inspiring? What could more strongly impress upon the people the assurance that no matter how low we may fall, no matter how besmirched with the mire of sin we may become, it is never too late to wash and to repent!

I feel greatly pleased with myself for having thought out this solution of a painful situation. I am particularly glad that the inspiration has come to me while conventions and conferences are still in the air. May I hope that the delegates, while their minds are yet occupied with things political, will give this suggestion the attention it deserves—and will also write letters to their leaders demanding that steps towards the establishing of these long-wanted institutions be at once taken?

As Winter Draws Near.

But yesterday the leaves were green.
To-day we find them red and brown;
To-morrow, when the winds are keen,
They will decay and flutter down.
The flowers have yielded to the cold.
The summer birds have gone away.
And all around us is the moan
Of what was life but yesterday.
And yet the air is strong and sweet,
And wakes us to unwonted glow,
And firm and clear our pulses beat
Their measure of the strengthened flow.
The doubtful ones arise again
And take their lives in stronger grasp.
And hands of men in hands of men
Assume a warmer, firmer clasp.
And though the season means decay
To every tender summer guest,
It surely is but nature's way
For the survival of the best.

THE PHILOSOPHER.



CABINET PORTRAITS.

Artist J. P. Whitney: Well, that's a beautiful piece of work; only wish I had as good models for the others.

A Faith Destroyer.

READ an article the other day by a man who is alleged to be a tobacco expert, and in that article some startling statements were made—statements that have shaken not only my faith in all printed articles, but also my faith in tobacco. I have become a doubter. The expert claims, for instance, that what we know as Turkish tobacco is not necessarily Turkish at all. It is all likelihood has never been near Turkey. Turkish and Virginian tobacco can be and are grown in the same field in Virginia! Now how any respectable Virginia leaf could flourish and reach maturity side by side with an embryonic Turkish cigarette is beyond my understanding. One whiff of the things that pass for Turkish in this town should be enough to wilt a cucumber. I have lost all respect for the Virginia leaf since I have learned what sort of company it will keep.

The expert also informs his readers that the only difference between a strong and a mild cigar is in the making. The strong one is manufactured so that it will not burn well—and thus the nicotine is distilled and drawn into the mouth. With the mild cigar, on the other hand, the manufacturers take pains to put it together in such form as will insure its rapid consumption. When it burns quickly, the nicotine is driven off by the heat of the rapid combustion. Simple, isn't it?—but it gives my faith in good strong cigars a heavy jolt. In future I shall buy cheap mild cigars and moisten them till they'll burn as badly as the best.

I had always heard and believed that a really good cigar could be recognized at once by the green spots upon it. I remember, when buying about my second or third cigar, that I kicked because it was spotted, and the dealer laughed my objections aside, assuring me that only the finest leaves bore these unpleasing looking marks of high quality. Recalling the fact that persons of high quality were very often bespotted also, I swallowed the cigarman's story. Everyone else, I believe, has been told the same yarn by tobaccoists—and seemingly everyone believes it. But now along comes the expert and knocks this comforting delusion on the head. "The piece of greenish leaf," he says, "is tobacco which has been plucked unripe, and is not properly cured. It is only found in thin, poor leaf. The idea that cigars with spots are better than others is an absolute delusion." And here I have been buying the poorest specimens of cigars for the last fifteen years—yes, and carefully picking out the poor ones, lest some disingenuous dealer might be tempted to sell me a good one! I wish I hadn't read that article by that confounded expert. I feel like kicking myself and every cigar dealer with whom I have ever done business. Why do some men persist in going through the world destroying our simple faith which we flatter ourselves is knowledge? Such persons are mere disturbers. And yet I can't resist the temptation of passing the expert's views along. I hope it will make all other smokers dissatisfied. I hate to be alone. JACQUES.

The Academic Ibis.

An Ibis, on the Upper Nile,
Once argued with a Crocodile
About the many sacred Stories
In which the Land of Egypt glories;
How Nilus, of the rolling flood,
Once on a Time had been a God,
Out of whose fertile Mud did spring
The Form of every living Thing;
And how to primal Cats he'd given
The Faculties of highest Heaven;
With many another such-like Mystery,
That's told in Egypt's sacred History.
"They're true," piped Ibis, "Word for Word."
"They're true, as I'm a living Bird."
"True, in a certain Sense, I ween,
But never in the Sense you mean.
In fact," the Crocodile replies,
"They're just instructive Allegories,
Describing, in poetic Phrase,
The wondrous Course of Nature's Ways.
For instance: Cats were surely meant
Women alone to represent,
Who still among Men (or Rumor lies),
Like Gods, an Empire exercise;
And still their Prototype they match
In equal Power to bite and scratch."
While as for Nilus' fertile Clay—
"Stop!" shrieked the Ibis, "Stop, I say!
Sceptic, incredulous! Absurd!
These Things are true—aye, Word for Word."
"Nay! nay!" the Crocodile replies;
"They're just instructive Allegories."
So they disputed all that Day
Of sacred Cats and Nilus' Clay;
But while the Wrangle they pursued,
Ibis forgot her callow Brood,
Who, hungry, cried in Van for Food;
So, starving, with the dying Day,
Those helpless Nestlings passed away.
Still, heedless of her murdered Brood,
Ibis the Argument pursued,
And might be arguing to this Day
But sacred Cats and Nilus' Clay.
But Hippo, who had overheard,
Put in a shrewd and timely Word:
"It doesn't matter, friends, a Jot
Whether those Tales are true or not;
Whether more Allegories you make 'em,
Or whether Word for Word you take 'em;
For, Faith, this Argument polemic
Is, when all's spoken, academic.
But in those Records which you quote
Some Maxims practical I note.
Which should—as all good Beasts agree—
Be acted up to, literally.
For instance: Birds who rear a Brood
Are straitly charged to give them Food.
A referent of Glance evinced
His Meaning plain. The Ibis winced,
Ashamed and sad, she hung her Head.
"I take your Meaning, Sir," she said,
"If 'stead of wasting useless Chatter
On Prehistories, which don't matter,
I'd carried out the Gods' Command
In what lies present to my Hand,
And brought my starving Young Relief,
That would have shown the best of Belief."

Moral.

Too many, in a general Way,
Conduct themselves, from Day to Day,
As if the "Sermon on the Mount"
De verba wasn't meant to count;
But yet adopt the sternest Poses
In championing a literal Moses.

—Truth.

Chips.

"What started the trouble between the Browns?"
"Brown asked his wife a question while she was trying to put her hair up a new way."
Dudley—Lusher always goes up stairs from the club in his stocking feet.
Douglas—That's because his wife scares him out of his boots.
The lover—You see, ma and pa are opposed to me, but the girl isn't.
Friend—You're all right. You're going to be elected by an overwhelming minority.
"Your wife has made quite a name as an authoress. Which do you consider the best of her latest works?"
"Writing me a cheque for ten dollars."
Patient—But your treatment for obesity is so expensive.
Doctor—Madam, that is one of its strong points. You get worrying about the expense and it helps to work off the superfluous flesh.
First Military Expert—I tell you, Kuropatkin is entirely too reckless.
Second Military Expert—Just what I contended right along. Why, during that last affair at Geng-lang he didn't retreat till the enemy was almost within shelling distance!

Fruit-a-lives

or Fruit Liver Tablets

are fruit juices in tablet form. The greatest known cure for Stomach Troubles, Constipation, Biliousness and Sick Kidneys. 50 cents a box. All druggists have them.

Queen Quality



Satisfaction

Satisfaction means "not one single fault"—if this word can ever be applied to shoes, it is to Queen Quality only.

THE ROBERT SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, CAN.

Shoe Elegance for good Dressers

Our \$4.00 tan shoes for women are beauties to look at, and luxuries to the foot.

Made on the new lasts, in light or dark shades. Tan, calf or vici kid.

This is a great shoe for dressy young women to wear.

H. & C. BLACHFORD
The Shoers
114 Yonge Street

Your Evening Dress

will not always be clean. It is sure to get soiled or spotted. Send it to us. The work will be well done.

R. PARKER & CO.
Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.
801 and 771 Yonge St., 19 King St. West,
471 and 1059 Queen St. West, 271 Queen St. East.
Phone—North 1031, Main 2143,
1004, 1191 and 1137, Park 93.



SUPERB ALE
INVIGORATING PORTER
DELICIOUS HALF-AND-HALF

COSGRAVE BREWERY CO.
NIAGARA ST., TORONTO.
And of all license holders.
Telephone Park 140.

The Far-Reaching Influence of Women.

THE importance of the part which women play in the making of history is brought out distinctly by Emil Reich, an Hungarian, who claims to have made a careful study of many countries ancient and modern. In his latest work, *Success Among Nations*, he devotes pages to the women of certain countries, and enlarges upon their great influence in national affairs.

It is of the Italian women he chooses first to speak, and of them he says: "It is important to say a few words concerning the woman of Italy, in that we conceive the ideal perfection of a country to consist in the possession of men ripened to the perfection of manhood, and of women grown to the perfection of womanhood. Women in Italy, though far from being so all-important a force as in France, is, nevertheless, of very great influence. She is frequently of surprising beauty, of deeply emotional life, and yet marked by the greatest devotion to her household duties; she is, above all, thoroughly womanly in the most noble sense of the word."

The writer then shifts to France, and declares that the Frenchwoman is the most important person of the French social economy, ranking her unquestionably before mere man.

"This not being an anthropological treatise," says Mr. Reich, "we are not called upon to go into the Frenchwoman's physical characteristics in any detail. There are beautiful women in France as there are unbecoming; whether the average standard of good looks is higher or lower in France than elsewhere is not very material. We shall have something to say of the French woman's peculiar charm later. Let us now take her when she is yet a young girl, and see by what steps her character is moulded. Outside the Orient, the French girl is the most secluded of any. To those who have not seen it, the almost penitential isolation in which the French girl, up to the time of her marriage, is kept from the other sex, except from the members of her immediate family, is almost inconceivable. To this seclusion must be attributed very largely two cardinal defects of France, one literary, the other social. It has often been wondered why French poetry is sterile in lyrics; but is not the very fountain of lyric verse wanting? Are not modern lyrics inspired by the social intercourse of the young man with the young and innocent girl?"

Neither is the French novel able to rise to romantic heights, contends our foreign critic, owing to this rigid separation of the youth of both sexes.

But to return to the writer's consideration of the feminine portion of France:

"It is out of this captivity of years that the French girl emerges the French woman. She has the character which will carry her through numberless difficulties, the numberless deprivations, the innumerable self-abnegations, with which her path is strewn. Her character has been bought with a Spartan training in her youth. We have seen the cost at which English will-power and English virility are purchased. From the age of ten, by the systematic suppression of youth and gaiety, by the equally searching test of a precocious responsibility, the English boy at eighteen has become a volitional athlete, without peer in Continental Europe. He can be, and frequently is, entrusted with positions of confidence and responsibility at an age when the Frenchman is certainly still in parental leading-strings."

"The English boy has his complement, his counterpart, in the French girl, whose training on her side is equally searching, thorough and severe. The physical discipline of old-time Sparta was nothing to the moral drill of the French girl."

According to the principle here revealed, French womanhood is bought at the price of French girlhood. When she emerges from her seclusion she has all the high-strung, braced-up energies which enable her to fill her position in the home. People who have only seen England and America can, with difficulty, realize how thoroughly the French woman pervades every detail of family life. Nothing is done without her counsel and consent. In business she has her say, and many of the great commercial houses trace their descent in the feminine line. It is the Frenchwoman who rules from the *cuisine*, who keeps the books, who sees the travellers. She realizes to the full her importance in the world; how much her influence may achieve, and contribute to the family advancement. Her amiability will secure her friends, and she knows the value of friends.

May not any stranger contain potential utility, she wisely asks herself. At all events, nothing is lost by securing good feeling. Her good nature, which has become her second nature, rather than her only nature, has its origin in the most logical, the most longheaded and practical reasons.

Mr. Reich refutes the possible accusation that he is thus putting down this type as merely interested and selfish, by asserting that it so long ago became part of her being that the origins are dimmed and forgotten. The great element of her charm he holds to be her righteous self-respect.

For those who wish tangible proof of the Frenchwoman's supreme importance he cites, as a striking feature of French cities—at least to the foreign idea—the frequency with which in shop-signs the names of husband and wife are coupled together, and the common occurrence of widows' names in the same way.

In a chapter dealing with the Slav nations, the Polish women are severely criticized, the writer going so far as to say that of all Poland's shortcomings, the greatest is her woman, though he admits that her beauty is enough to carry all before her. She has flashing eyes and very much of the grace of the women of France; but with a deeper current of passion. To heighten her beauty she has, as a rule, a wealth of brilliant and engaging conversation, which is irresistible when it flows in her own melodious language with its magnificent cadences.

Liszt has said that the only safety from the sorcery of the Polish as spoken by a Polish woman, is in flight.

The love of intrigue which is part of the being of every Slav, is carried to a fine art by the Polish woman. But all her power of fascination is but debasing, linked as it is with an absolute lack of any capacity for household duties. So Mr. Reich contends.

She is not like the Frenchwoman, who can be always charming without disdaining the cares of her own home. The Polish woman's existence is truly that of a butterfly; never did a proverbial expression find a better application, asserts this student of nations. She is brilliant, dazzlingly brilliant and captivating in the salon, and at times heroically brave, even on the battlefield. But for the humdrum existence of every day, which nourishes the stamina of a nation, she has no aptitude, no inclination. Her life is anything rather than home-like. She, as a rule, talks French as well as Polish, and she did havoc in the French armies. Capable of anything in a moment of passion, she is marked by a temper of reckless enjoyment of life which renders her unfit for the small worries of everyday existence.

The women of Germany have been given a somewhat detailed sketch from this writer's facile pencil. First, he reviews the typical North German woman whose feminine charms, Mr. Reich says, are not equal to those of her Southern sister. Her temperament, like her person, is too angular, too harsh, too severe, and the faces seen in any of the great northern cities are rarely beautiful, the features being cast in a rather rigid and unpleasing mould.

Mr. Reich advances rather a daring theory as the reason for this lack of beauty among the Northern women:

"Perhaps these characteristics are the outcome of a long process of social evolution. We can imagine what life has been in the Hanseatic cities for generation upon generation. They were the first great centers of commercial activity, and their wealth grew rapidly. An early result of this thriving business life was the institution of the marriage of convenience. Alliances were doubtless contracted out of purely interested motives. Such and such a family combination was bound to prove highly advantageous to business, as it would secure the co-operation of two great firms. The bargain was struck, the marriage arranged without ever a thought of sentiment. Suppose this procedure to have been repeated an indefinite number of times in successive generations, and is there anything surprising in the physical type being finally affected? Speaking generally, it would appear that feminine beauty is more common amongst those nations who keep business and private life entirely separate; where marriage is, as a rule, the outcome of mutual attraction of temperament rather than of a money-combining scheme." The writer cites here, as example, that the average of beauty in America is higher than in the countries of Europe, where the dowry system has been of long standing, and still prevails.

Proceeding south in Germany, the traveler finds the women more genial, more attractive, and the social environment changed as he passes "out of the region of large and ancient free cities into a district where urban life is only now developing widely, but where the bulk of the population consists of well-to-do peasants, living a healthy open-air life in the midst of a country in which subsistence is cheap and good, with plenty of wine and beer. The money-marriage has not here been the rule, and the physical type is consequently finer."

The German woman has not been nearly so active in the making of her country's history, says Mr. Reich, as has the woman of France. Her role is not nearly so important in public life; her bringing up is very different. If the Frenchwoman arrives at the perfection of her being in married life, the German woman is probably of greater influence during her maidenhood. Although she cannot claim the unfettered freedom of the American girl, she is not cloistered and cooped up with the severity of the mademoiselle, and she strikes the happy medium, enjoying considerable liberty without the loss of that idealistic turn of mind which so appeals to the better type of man.

Following this writer's trend of thought, it is easy to see why Germany has such a wealth of lyric verse, so foreign to France. After marriage the German woman, as a rule, lapses into almost entire obscurity, absorbed in the cares of her household, and becomes solely a "housekeeper," whose stolid dullness has become proverbial throughout Europe.

At times it would appear that Mr. Reich has taken the sprightly lady of France as the standard type, for he is continually making comparisons with her, though not always to the other's disadvantage. We quote word for word his summing up of the mistresses of the "stately homes of England."

"In spite of her frequently rare degree of personal beauty, the Englishwoman has not been the important factor in the history of her country which the Frenchwoman has been in France. She has, as a rule, been retiring, engaging man through her sweetness of disposition rather than by qualities playing upon deeper emotions. Her duty as a child-bearer she has carried out as behaved her, much of England's greatness having depended on a constant surplus of population. The population of the country, despite the incessant stream of emigration, has risen by leaps and bounds since the beginning of the nineteenth century, when it numbered some fifteen millions, until to-day it surpasses that of France. As a rule the Englishwoman seems—and here she is probably distinguished from her Continental sisters—more attached to her husband than to her children. With the latter she certainly, in the case of the sons, does not interfere so as to cripple their personal independence; she does not superintend all their affairs, as does the French mother, nor does she exercise over them, when married, the irksome jurisdiction of the French *belle-mère*. In the higher ranks of society her dig-

"Sound" advice for a hostess



Have a
PHONOGRAPH
to entertain
your Guests

SOME visitors are hard to amuse. Some gatherings, however carefully planned, will not "mix," and things will go slow. Every caller is a new problem. Who has not felt the need of some unfailing diversion that every guest can enjoy? Our latest improved PHONOGRAPHS just fill the bill. Everybody enjoys hearing them. Few companies fail to get together at the first hearty laugh or the first thrill of pleasure shared together.

We have the world's best makes in "Talking Machines." We carry at all times from forty to fifty different types of instruments, "Zon-o-Phones," "Edisons," "Victors," "Echophones," etc. They sing, talk and play perfectly.

Be fair—Don't judge our instruments by old-style, noisy, inferior makes. Hear them first.

Our Grand Opera Zon-o-Phone with 30-inch all-brass Horn and 3 doz. Zon-o-phone Records at \$69 is the best outfit on the market to-day and an ideal entertainer.

Other outfits as low as \$10.

JOHNSTON & CO.,

Canada's Largest and Leading Talking Machine Dealers, 191 Yonge St.

Catalogue mailed to out-of-town residents on request.
Telephone Main 247 and we will deliver an outfit on approval.

nity, graceful restraint and *distinguee* manner make her the embellishment rather than the nucleus of social life.

"Beyond these spheres the Englishwoman is certainly much less successful; she is no business woman; there are few great firms in England who would not smile at the idea of any personal feminine influence being exercised upon their direction; although a woman happens to stand at the head of one of the greatest London banks, she is an exception, and even her authority is for the most part delegated. But that a woman should throne it in the managerial penitential of a city office would seem to the Englishman quite as incongruous as it would appear natural to a Frenchman."

The Englishwoman has apparently not been able to reconcile the role of a business woman with her natural role of woman. If she takes to business she appears to become defeminized in the act; she has a tendency to degenerate into Mrs. Grundyism, and thus to become a center for the propagation of gloom.

"However, it cannot be stated that the defects just mentioned, while conducive to much cheerfulness, really constitute a national danger. The objectionable qualities of the English middle-class woman can almost all be traced to the lack of self-respect characterizing her caste. Whether they will ever be remedied is more than doubtful. Social respect is the ozone, the oxygen, with which all the attempts of man or woman to attain a complete culture must be stifled. It is doubtful whether that ozone can be distilled from the retorts and crucibles of higher education, readings, and feminist movements. Is it not generated alone by the storms of social revolution of which the hour for England is irrevocably past?"

But Mr. Reich saved his heavy ammunition for the American woman; and return shots will doubtless be heard to fire presently from various parts of the United States. Canadians who read this will now quite willingly abandon all claim to their right to use the word "American."

Again we quote Mr. Reich: "We now come to the third great difference between America and Europe, and that is the American woman. In Europe, despite the numerous attempts at feminism—a movement which might be more aptly termed defeminization of the woman—the woman has still kept, with more or less success and grace, her position as a mother, ruler of the household, and wife—that domestic Trinity which is the chief credo of her life. In her attitude towards the man she does indeed recognize that he is, from certain points of view of the social economy and of social ethics, her master, and the



mastery she wants to exercise over him she naturally seeks to win, not by superior masterfulness, but by greater grace and womanliness. The greatest European poets have long typified her in the poetical forms of Penelope, Marguerite, Ophelia and a few others, which attach man both physically and mentally with an unshakable passion by means of the most naive womanliness proper. Had Homer made Ulysses fall the victim of the charms of Calypso, or had Goethe made the love of Faust a haughty hyper-educated princess, both would have spoiled their masterpieces forever.

"We can now turn our attention to what constitutes the third great difference between America and Europe. We find that in the United States the attitude of woman to man is essentially altered. The American woman, especially in the course of the last fifty years, has assumed an outward tone and an internal attitude diametrically opposed to what is customary to esteem feminine in Europe. The old-world *salon* of Europe appears to her quite out of date; the retiring dignity, the restraint, the self-effacement of the European woman is repugnant to her. Her ambition is to win the recognition of her bright intelligence; she likes to pass for a person of energetic verve, ready at a moment's notice for action of every description. The incessant craving for movement has taken hold of her even more strongly than it has taken hold of the American man. She cannot stand being stationary. We have often heard in America the singular remark that the Americans are attached to family life. The incredible host of boarding-houses with which the land is eaten up would seem but a poor proof of that statement. There is probably little exaggeration in saying that the burthen of latent contempt, heaped by the gentry in England upon the middle class, is in America heaped by woman upon man. In both cases we meet with the same passive acceptance, the same absence of all spirit of revolt. The brighter the American wife, the more overwhelming her conversation, the greater her anxiety to augment her knowledge, the more joyous is her submerged spouse. He is proud of her superiority, and submits thereto unquestioningly, not to say with satisfaction.

"But the evils of this over-mentalization of the American woman, of this hyper-galvanization of her energy, are now no longer the theme of foreign

inveighings alone. Of late years they have been pointed out in condemnatory spirit by American women themselves. It must indeed be feared that this cultivation of a fierce energy is beyond the role of woman, and bids fair to culminate finally in her absolute physical breakdown. It also misses its mark, for nothing is shown more clearly by statistics than that the number of distinguished women workers in the domains of art, letters and science is small compared with the number of brilliant women authors and women painters of Europe. We cannot fail to note the vast disproportion between the all but frantic passion with which the humanities and arts are cultivated in America and the number of successes produced."

A. M.



Those who have once enjoyed its juiciness and flavor will never accept any but

CLARK'S
COOKED
LUNCH
TONGUE.

If you eat PORK and BEANS be sure and get CLARK'S they're delicious.

W. CLARK, MFR., - MONTREAL.

For Rainy Day Wear

GRAVENETTE has replaced all other fabrics. Rain Coats, Walking Skirts, and even Tailor made Suits are now made of "Gravenette" in preference to any other materials. "Gravenette" is permanently waterproof—light as the best woolsens. Colors are fadeless and cannot be spotted by rain.

Gravenette

comes in all the newest shades and fancy mixtures—and is identical with the finest grades of dress goods.

Every yard of the genuine bears the "Gravenette" trade mark. Sold by the yard as it is ready-to-wear garments by leading dry goods stores.

Full-Dress Suits

WE claim for our twenty-five dollar Full Dress Suits, that they are the best in Toronto, and not excelled by any tailor for \$35.00. They are made from a beautiful, black Llama wool cloth. Superbly lined and tailored to the minute in detail.

We also carry a full range of Tuxedo Suits and Prince Albert Coats and Vests—

\$20.00 to \$25.00

We also make Clothes of all kinds to order

OAK HALL

Toronto's Best Clothiers

115 King Street East

J. COOMBS, Manager



Corticelli
SPOOL SILK

There is one kind of Sewing Silk that I always use and that is **Corticelli**

No matter what any one may tell you follow my advice and use this famous silk. It is the Best in the World.

Corticelli Home Needlework is a magazine that every lady should take. Issued 4 times a year, 96 pages, beautifully illustrated, 50 cts per year. Write for sample sending 15 cents.

CORTICELLI SILK CO. LTD.
ST. JOHNS, P. Q.

POEMS

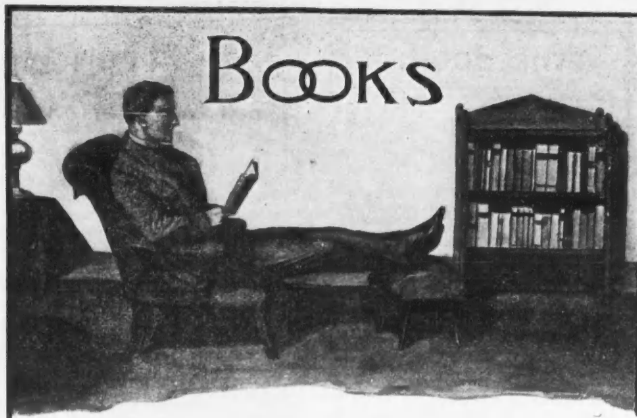
By JAMES A. TUCKER, B.A.

With an introductory memoir by Arthur Stringer

THIS is the memorial volume promised last summer to the many friends of the late Mr. Tucker. It is now ready for sale. Those who gave advance orders to the publishers will be promptly supplied. Any failure to receive the volume should be reported. It may be obtained by the general public from leading booksellers. The book is handsomely gotten up, and is being enthusiastically received. It is undoubtedly a genuine contribution to Canadian literature. All book collectors, librarians and those who would support and reward the best in our native talent will want a copy.

Cloth, 143 Pages, Gilt-stamped. Price: \$1.00

The trade supplied by the METHODIST BOOK ROOM, Toronto



The Late Mr. Tucker's Poems.

TO many of the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT the name of the late James A. Tucker is unknown, though to almost all his literary work must be familiar. As a member of the staff of this paper, he was for about four years a prolific and constant contributor. As a writer of essays, special articles, "leaders" and occasional verse he acquired wide popularity and respect. For almost a year his pseudonym, "Lance," has been missing from these columns—nor has its absence been

Where Aspiration knows its utter Star,
And he and God and careless Wisdom are!

The characteristic of Mr. Tucker's poems which impresses itself most on one is their serious dignity. Not once did he play with words for the light effect to be produced. He had a noble conception of what constituted poetry, and never did he seem to have permitted himself to forget that his purpose was to express high thoughts, not merely to



THE LATE MR. J. A. TUCKER.

permitted to pass without expressions of disappointment and regret.

It is with mixed feelings of pleasure and hesitation that the present reviewer proceeds to examine the little volume of his poems which his literary executors, in compliance with the last expressed wish of the dying poet, have now put upon the market—pleasure that one so worthy should have the privilege of sending a last message from the grave, as it were, to his friends, and hesitation lest the duties which the critic owes the public be disregarded in the desire to say naught but pleasant things of the dead. After diligent perusal of the book under discussion, however, one is gratified to be able to come to the conclusion that in reviewing the present volume (*Poems*, By James Alexander Tucker, B.A. Toronto: William Briggs) a strict compliance with the demands of duty and a sound appreciation of the author's work can be indulged in without strain or conflict.

The volume consists of about sixty poems of various lengths and a beautiful prefatory memoir by Mr. Arthur Stringer, which concludes with the following poem:

"He faded, we said, out to some vast
Alone,
A wandering soul, and knew no more his own,
As Earth knew not this strong man we had known—
Forsaking all that life's weak hands had won,
Leaving the Dream unfound, the Deed undone,
"He sought that Deep, beyond our harbour foam,
Where Loneliness and Silence are his home."
"Ah, so it seemed—yet there are times when we
Stand by his salt, companionable Sea

"And strangely feel he farus amid his kin,
While we stand desolate in life's dark Inn,
"And darkly view that outland Deep afar,

"Two wretched beings, hateful, base—
The stars have power to grind and curse,
The years have warrant to disgrace—
He who in hate shouts, "Crucify!"
And he who, knowing well the Right
Stands by, nor draws his sword to fight,
Because his vile heart fears to die."

Besides the high poetic merit of this poem, it will be treasured by Mr. Tucker's friends above all his other efforts because it contains the creed of the man. He was ever tolerant, ever just, ever ready to draw his sword in any cause, regardless of consequences to himself, so long as Right would be defended or advanced as a result of his efforts.

Mr. Reuben Butchart and Mr. Joseph T. Clark—Mr. Tucker's literary executors—are to be congratulated on producing so carefully selected and thoroughly well edited a volume. To them is owing a debt of gratitude from Mr. Tucker's many admirers.

Frenchy, the Story of a Gentleman.

It would seem, according to Mr. William Sage, that to be a gentleman one must needs be quixotic—at least the author impresses it upon us that his hero is a gentleman by the use of a subtitle, and in reading the book we gather that he is absurdly quixotic. To begin with, we are introduced to the Marquis Jean Raymond Bayard de St. Hilaire, who is in conversation with an American friend, who informs him that he has made him his executor and guardian of his sister. Three years after St. Hilaire discovers, on the death of his friend, that before dying he has spent his own fortune and also that of the sister. At once St. Hi-

laire gives up his fortune, which just covers the amount embezzled, and dropping his title he goes to America, where he is known as Jean Bayard. After being swindled out of the little money he has, by a couple of confidence men out west, he heads for New York. On the way thither he is unfortunate enough to be arrested as a vagrant. He is freed and in a short while is accused of being a burglar in a house in which dwells the heroine, Katherine Blake. He escapes, finally reaches his destination, and becomes known to a George Livingston. From that time he blossoms out into society. St. Hilaire rapidly absorbs the

Windsor Salt

is all salt—
pure, clean,
crystals, and
nothing but
salt.

New World feeling of equality, and, as he says in a conversation with Livingston:

"My dear Mistaire Livingston, it is necessary every one to live."

"Yes, but why work in a stable? You are a gentleman, there is no disguising that. Is it a joke?"

"It is not a joke. I was not train' in the affairs like you in America. I tell myself, what I do to live? I understand the horse. It is ver' simple."

"And do you like to do it?"

"In Paris, perhaps, no; but here in America, where all labor is ennobled, it is different. I conduct my horse. You conduct your commercial affairs. Ev-

erybody, he is equal." Through Livingston he becomes known to the Blake family and saves them from the clutches of an impostor—the Prince of Moravia—then is again accused of being a burglar by the Blakes' butler, who recognizes him, and he is expelled from the house. Of the better turn in his fortunes and his final happiness, it is not for the reviewer to tell. As a book we can't find much excuse for its having been written. None of the characters are striking or even interesting, and the plot is so conventional that it is only with an effort that one can get up enough excitement to make a finish. It is published by the Musson Book Co., Toronto.

Seaton-Thompson-Seaton's Latest.

THE latest from Seaton-Thompson is *Monarch: The Big Bear of Tallac*. Comparatively speaking, the people who are really enthusiastic about animal stories are not many, but those who are, will hail this new book.

Seaton-Thompson is easily "monarch" in his own range: that of animal heroes. It is well known that he changed his name some time ago to Thompson-Seaton; but his old friends prefer to think of him by the name they first learned to lip at this great nature-teacher's knee, in the days when they were told of Wabbi, the Grizzly, and all the other wild animals that Thompson had so well known. They dislike to accept this childishness on the part of their master even under the possibly pardonable excuse of an "eccentricity of genius."

Quite apart from the story, the book is a beautiful thing throughout; the paper, the covers, the type, the page illustrations, and, best of all, Seaton-Thompson's unrivalled marginal sketches.

The story of this monarch of the hills, which is told from his youth up, is as full of wonderful events as the reader confidently expects after noting in the author's preface that it must be considered an historical novel of bear life, rather than a scientific record.

The monarch is first heard of as "Jack," a little cub, a good-humored fellow who would scramble down from his post, strain at his chain to meet his captor, whining softly, and would gobble his food with the greatest gusto, if the worst of manners.

His captor was Lan Kellyan, whose life was spent among the Sierras, and whose "senses were alert, not for the rainbow hills, and the gem-bright lakes, but for the living things that he must meet in daily rivalry, each staking on the game, his life. Hunter was written on his leathern garb, on his tawny face, on his lithe and sinewy form, and shone in his clear gray eye."

Lan loved Jack, in his rude way; but on an evil day, in a fit of impatience with him because of a very mischievous act, he let him go in exchange for a few shikels, to a passing stranger.

"Well, I'm glad he's gone," said Lan, savagely, though he knew quite well that he was already scourged with repentance. He walked past the box where Jack used to sleep. How silent it was! He noted the place where Jack used to scratch the door to get into the cabin, and started at the thought that he should hear it no more, telling himself with many curse-words that he was "mighty glad of it." He pattered about, doing—oh, anything for an hour or more to drown the thought, then suddenly leaped on his pony and raced madly down the trail on the track of the stranger.

Lan overtook him and pleaded his case, but to no purpose. The stranger covered him with a 45 navy Colt.

"I've got the drop on me," said Lan; "I ain't got a gun; but look a-here, stranger, there's Little Bar is the only part I got; he's my stiddy company an' we're almighty fond of each other. I didn't know how much I was a-goin' to miss him. Now look a-here; take back yer fifty, and give me Jack."

"If ye got five hundred cold plunks in yaller ye kin get him; if not, you walk straight to that tree thar an' don't drop yer hands or turn or I'll fire. Now start."

Mountain etiquette is very strict, and Lan, being without weapons, had to give in, though he never ceased to regret the loss of his furry "pard" who was carried away to "put in" a cruel term of weeks at a ranch hotel. But he broke away, one fort-nate hour, and strode back to his birthplace among the pines on the mountain of Tallac.

Here the hankering for flesh came strong upon him, inspired by the smell

of sheep. Mr. Thompson's description of the flock at night, from the bear's point of view, is a clever bit:

"He swung along from ledge to ledge in silence and in haste, for the smell of sheep grew stronger at every stride, and when he reached a place above the fire he blinked his eyes to find the sheep. The smell was strong now; it was rank, but no sheep to be seen. Instead he saw in the valley a stretch of gray water that seemed to reflect the stars, and yet they neither twinkled nor rippled; there was a murmuring sound from the sheet, but it seemed not at all like that of the lakes around."

"The stars were clustered chiefly near the fire, and there were less like stars than spots of the phosphorescent wood that are scattered on the ground when one knocks a rotten stump about to lick up swarms of wood-ants. So Jack came closer, and at last so close that even his dull eyes could see. The great gray lake was a flock of sheep and the phosphorescent specks were their eyes."

Among this flock, Jack, the Gringo, makes his first "kill," and here begins a life of slaughter upon the mountain, until the hand of every sheep-herder, and hunter, within his range, is against him, and the word goes ringing far and wide, that this desperado must be captured, living or dead. Magnificent rewards are offered, and the highest goes to the man who will bring him alive. But one man is not enough, so seven gallant riders on seven fine horses ride out one day to meet the Monarch of the range. The author's description of the struggle is wonderfully vivid:

"O noble horses, nerry men! O grand old Grizzly, how I see you now! Cattle-keepers and cattle-killer face to face!"

"Three riders of the range that horse had never thrown were sailing, swooping, like falcons; their lariats swung, sang—sang higher—and Monarch, much perplexed, but scarcely angered yet, rose to his hind legs, then from his towering height looked down on horse and man."

"Sing—sing—sing!" the lariats flew. "Swish—pat!" one, two, three, they fell. These were not men to miss. Three ropes, three horses, leaping away to bear on the great beast's neck. But swifter than thought the supple paws went up. The ropes were slipped, and the spurred cow-ponies, ready for the shock, went, stockless, bounding—loose ropes trailing afar.

"Round and round him now the riders swooped, waiting their chance. More than once his neck was caught, but he slipped the noose as though it were all play. Again he was caught by a foot and wrenched, almost thrown by the weight of two strong steeds, and now he foamed in rage. Memories of olden days, or more likely the habit of olden days, came on him—days when he learned to strike the yelling pack that dodged his blows. He was far from the burnt thicket, but a single bush was near, and setting his broad back to that, he waited for the circling foe. Nearer and nearer they urged the frightened steeds, and Monarch watched—waited, as of old, for the dogs, till they were almost touching each other, then he sprang like an avalanche of rock. What can elude a Grizzly's dash? The earth shivered as he launched himself, and trembled when he struck. Three men, three horses, in each other's way. The dust was thick; they only knew he struck—struck—struck! The horses never rose."

How the great Grizzly disposed of the other horses and men is equally graphic, and at the end of the fight, "the riders slipped their ropes in fear, and the Monarch, bounding, sporting, bounding, trailed them to the hills, there to bite them off in peace, while the remnant of the gallant crew went, sadly muttering, back."

The Canadian edition of this book is brought out by Messrs. Morang Co.

By the Queen's Grace.

One of the prettiest and aintiest of stories is Mrs. Sheard's *By the Queen's Grace*, which shows those same qualities, only with a touch more assured and finished, as did her first book, *A Maid of Many Moods*. The latter delighted all of us who knew and loved the region rendered almost sacred by association with the "Immortal William," that beautiful bit of England round about Stratford-on-Avon. *By the Queen's Grace* is also dated in the Elizabethan period, but is a London tale, excellent in local coloring and sufficiently interesting in development. Wicked, handsome, reckless Dick Davenport and his flaxen-haired daughter are drawn so cleverly that they live before us. Joyce is the maiden's name, and she has that firm will and courage which Mrs. Sheard loves to give her heroines. One cannot help wishing for a taste of that quality in every daughter of man; it certainly carried Debora and Joyce through some strenuous experiences. Mrs. Sheard excels in description and causes a veritable mirage of her *mise en scene* to rise before one's mind's eye. For instance, the masquerading juggler, with his gleaming knives, his russet suit and his unwilling collector of groats, the gaping London crowd, the sunset hour, and the lint-locked Joyce gazing at her "first love," until she catches his eye, and he doesn't catch his knives, is a picture which remains. Mrs. Sheard does not need a friendly hint to "go on and prosper." She has justified her first by a second success in story-telling.

John Lane, New York, is publishing a

new Canadian romance, entitled *The Manitoban*, by Henry H. Bashford, author of *Tommy Widdowake*. The story deals with pioneer life and has for its hero, Roddy, the type of a young and lusty pioneer "upon whom in days unborn the more decadent East shall come to lean, the true Heir, born of the old traditions, but the product of a new and simple life; the true Heir, sound, sane, and intrepid, facing the future in the night of optimism."

This sounds promising, and will certainly be an advance upon the miserable Manitoba tale which Mr. Cullum recently inflicted on the public.

"THE NEW BOOK SHOP"

Playing Cards

An immense variety here at "The Book Shop." We would emphasize two very delightful lines—

Souvenir Playing Cards

(Views of Canadian Scenery)

Shakespearean Playing Cards

(Characters of the Immortal Bard)

These would be especially appropriate as gift goods.

Wm. Tyrrell & Co.,

7 and 9 King St. E., Toronto

Wherever the Union Jack Waves

Hunyadi Janos Natural Laxative Mineral Water

is looked upon as the standard cure for

CONSTIPATION

Half a tumblerful taken in the morning on rising brings gentle, sure and ready relief.

Stories of Charles Kean and Macready.

JAMES COLEMAN, the English actor and manager, who died last April, has many amusing stories to tell about Charles Kean and Macready, with both of whom he acted, in his *Fifty Years of an Actor's Life*.

When only fifteen to sixteen years old Coleman played minor parts in a number of plays with Mr. and Mrs. Kean at Belfast. Illustrative of Kean's inability to pronounce the consonants "m" and "n," and his habit of talking as if he had a cold in his head, Coleman tells a number of stories.

"In the first scene with Jarvis in *The Gamester*," says Coleman, "he begins by inquiring, 'Well, Jarvis, what says the world of me?' I'll tell thee what it says, it calls me a false friend, a faithless husband, a cruel father—in one short word, it calls me Caliban!" In *Shylock* he was wont to say:

"You take by life
When you do take the beans whereby I live."

"But his most unfortunate slip occurred in the last line of *Money*, where Evelyn says that, in order to enjoy the good things of life, we require 'plenty of money.' In this situation Kean always brought down the house by sarcastically remarking that the one thing necessary to complete our happiness is 'plenty of putty!'"

Kean, according to Coleman, was very fond of his wife, whose Christian name was Nelly, but which Mr. Kean's vocal disability turned into "Dolly."

One night, at Belfast, "these charming people played *The Gamester* and *The Wonder* to a house crowded from floor to ceiling. So crowded was it, that the audience drove the musicians out of the orchestra; then, encroaching still further, they invaded the stage, and at last actually ascended into the flies! Strange as it may appear, there seemed nothing incongruous in that awful last scene being enacted in the semi-circle of eager and excited auditors in the garb of the nineteenth century.

"In accordance with the usual 'business,' as Mrs. Beverley was being led off from the stage, she gave a piercing, heartrending shriek, and precipitating herself on the body of Beverley exclaimed, 'Oh, my Charley, my poor dear, you are not dead—say you are not dead, dearie!'"

"Deuce a bit! But you are squashing me, darling," responded the recumbent Beverley.

"Never mind that—only tell me—tell me, Charley, you are not dead?"

"I am telling you, Dolly. But there, there! Away you go and get dressed for *Violante*!"

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Kean, immediately recovering herself, and springing up; "it's wonderful I should have forgotten about *The Wonder*. By your leave, ladies and gentlemen! And so, with a stately curtsy, she made her way through the crowd to her dressing-room. Kean's acting must have been illusive indeed to have produced such an impression on his wife."

Air Coleman has several stories to tell about Macready. Macready was accustomed to hesitating at brief intervals in his speech. Coleman appeared with Macready once in *Lear*, and distinguished himself in this manner: "In *Lear* I had a small part of a few lines," says Coleman. "It was my duty to assist in carrying the 'eminent one' off the stage when he is supposed to fall asleep in the Heath scene. At that time it was the fashion to wear gaiter-bottomed trousers."

My continuations fitted like my skin, and I was strapped up within an inch of my life. The moment had arrived when I had to lift up the sleeping King. I was in doubt as to whether my precious pantaloons (they were quite new) would stand the strain. While I paused, debating as to whether I might venture on the experiment, Lear muttered impatiently, 'Err—now then, sir—err—look alive!'"

"I hesitated no longer, but bent up."

"Each corporal agent in this terrible feat."

"When lo! Bang! smash! went an unfortunate pants in every direction! Mac, whose eyes were closed, and who was utterly oblivious of my misfortune, growled like a bear with a sore head."

"Err—err—am I to lie here until the middle of next—err—week? Why the—err—err—don't you lift—err—me up?"

"Because I can't, sir!"

"Then why the—err—err—can't you?"

"Because I've burst my bags!" I exclaimed, as I lolled midst peals of laughter which arose in every direction, even the grave and saturnine Mac himself roaring as lustily as the rest."



THE MARKET WOMAN: "60-64-68-72-76-"



THE JOKER: "67-53-24-52-89-"



THE CLIMAX—Flegende Blaetter.

Anecdotal.

Ian MacLaren recounted this story in a lecture on Scottish humor: In a dull Scottish village, on a dull morning, one neighbor called at another's house. He was met at the door by his friend's wife, and the conversation which ensued was thus: "Cauld?" "Ay." "Guan to be weety (rainy), I'm thinkin'." "Ay." "Is John in?" "Ou, ay! he's in." "Can I see him?" "Na." "But a winted tae see him?" "Ay, but we canna see him. John's dead." "Deid?" "Ay." "Sudden?" "Ay." "Werra sudden?" "Ay, werra sudden." "Did he say anything about a pot o' green pent afore he deid?"

A member of the faculty of the University of Chicago tells of the sad case of a young woman from Indiana who was desirous of attaining social prominence in Chicago. Soon after her arrival there she made the acquaintance of a student at the university to whom she took a great fancy. Evidently it was at this time that she realized for the first time her early education had been neglected, for she said to a friend: "I suppose that, as he is a college man, I'll have to be a bit careful what I say. What'll I talk about to him?" The friend suggested history as a safe topic. To her friend's astonishment, she took the advice seriously, and shortly commenced in earnest to "bone up" in English history. When the young man called the girl listened for some time with ill-concealed impatience to his talk of football, outdoor meets, dances, etc., but finally she decided to take the matter in her own hands. She had not done all that reading for nothing; so, a pause in the conversation affording the desired opportunity, she suddenly exclaimed, with considerable vivacity: "Wasn't it awful about Mary, Queen of Scots?" "Why, what's the matter?" stammered the student, confused. "My gracious!" almost yelled the girl from Indiana, "didn't you know? Why, the poor thing had her head cut off!"

A country sexton in England officiated at a funeral clad in a red waistcoat. At the conclusion of the obsequies, the vicar gently remonstrated with the old gravedigger, saying: "Robert, you should not wear a red waistcoat at a funeral; it's hurt the feelings of the mourners." Robert replied, placing his hand on his breast: "Well, what does it matter, sir, so long as the heart is black?"

Marshall P. Wilder tells this story of two little children of a Christian Science family who were taken for the first time to see a Punch and Judy show. They enjoyed it heartily until Punch finally, in a burst of anger, began to beat Judy across the head with a big stick. Whereupon the little girl, hastily covering her eyes with her hands, called out beseechingly to her brother: "Don't look, Teddy, don't look! It's error!"

W. L. Moore, chief of the United States Weather Bureau, was the subject, at a dinner last winter, of many jokes about the mistakes that the bureau was making just then in its predictions. He took it good-naturedly, giving apt answers to all the chaffing, and scored in particular against a young physician "Professor," said the doctor, "I'm glad of one thing—you chaps will at least admit that you make mistakes." "Oh, as to that," responded Moore, carelessly, "we must, necessarily. Now, with the medical profession it's quite different. You can bury yours, you know!"

Barney Oldfield, the automobilist, has a good collection of etchings, one of them being of the leaning tower of Pisa, which hangs over his writing-desk. For a long time, he noticed that it persisted in hanging crooked, despite the fact that he straightened it every morning. At last he spoke to the maid, asking her if she was responsible for its lop-sided condition. "Why, yes," she said; "I have to hang it crooked to make the tower hang straight."

On the day after the rule went into effect that each free pass into a theater must have a stamp showing that the holder had paid ten cents toward the Actors' Fund, a well-known actress presented passes at the box-office of the Harlem Opera House, and handed over with them twenty cents for stamps, which she received. The next in line was a fashionably dressed woman who had watched the proceedings with interest. She bought two seats, and after receiving her change, still lingered. The treasurer asked, politely: "I gave you your change, did I not?" "Yes," she said, "I got my change, but I don't propose to be cheated. I want my trading-stamps."

During his residence in Canada, Ernest Thompson Seton, the well-known writer of nature books, visited Niagara often. Recently he said: "Sometimes Niagara I would fraternize with the cabbies there. I would ask them to tell me the odd comments on the Falls that they had heard strangers and foreigners make from time to time. Many an odd comment I would come upon in this way. As odd a one as any was that which an Englishman made. This Englishman, a porter in London, had come all the way across the Atlantic in December, when the rates were low, to see Niagara. The spectacle had somewhat disappointed him. He said to a caddy, over a mug of ginger beer, on the night of his arrival: 'As for the Falls, they're handsome, quite so. But they don't quite answer my expectations. Besides, I got thoroughly vetted and lost me 'at I prefer to look at 'em in a heuraving, in 'ot weather, in the house.'"

She—Isn't she some relation to Tom Jinks, the comedian? He—Sure! She's his second wife once removed.

Ellie—I'm not going away from here until I'm engaged. Stella—But the place isn't open the year round.

First Society Leader—How long have the been separated? Second Society Leader—Oh, ever since they've been married.

Correspondence Column

The above column serves to accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column, Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

R. H. J.—I should not judge you to be either careless or unsystematic by your writing—rather the reverse. You are a person absolutely without frills, pretensions or diplomacy, a practical, matter-of-fact straight-goer. You have force of character, ability to rule, and, barring a nervous sharpness which is only skin deep, a very finely-balanced personality. I think you are what a friend accuses you of being—practical. It is for some of our friends and enemies an uncomfortable trait.

Lucile—June 3, the month of the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and changeth continually. Your description of the Lake of the Woods scenery agrees with everyone else's. It must be adorable. Some day I should like you to tell me if it is in winter, what you do and how you amuse yourselves. You are tentative, conservative, sensitive and receptive, somewhat high-strung and imaginative, and very open to the influence of environment. Your system and order are fine and you think all round a subject. Caution, discretion, refinement, not any desire to dominate, quick feeling, warm affections and a pretty inspiration are yours.

Billy—Great enterprise, big speculation and fine self-esteem shine in this lively study. Imagination works twenty-four hours a day. There is a strong sense of plausibility, tact and a good deal of cleverness in it. It isn't a very strong or particularly reliable study, but it is that of a man sure to be popular and good company, one who takes life as it comes, over-lightly maybe, but typically a sunshine philosopher. Where the study lacks in depth it has in pleasantness, and in good influences would be fine.

Pebeban—Is that original? I seem to have seen it before. The writing is full of susceptibility, very ambitious to rise, but lacking inspiration. Care, materialism, courage and some pride are shown in these lines.

Juliet—More power to your needle, Juliet! I often wonder, when I see women spending hours over a bit of intricate fancy work, that they don't put the time into making pretty little waists and collars and girdles for practical use instead. Never so dainty dresses as the woman who has the artistic touch and makes her own forlornness. Your writing is not very well developed, formed, and it is written on blue lines. It has some good worthy traits, but won't make a satisfactory study yet.

Narragansett—Dear ex-lie, "Is a long time since the 'Glorious Twelfth' on which your letter was written. April 19 brings you under Aries, the first zodiacal sign in the year, first sign of the year possibilities. Quite right of you to use unruly paper. Your study shows the effects of business interests and is probably that of a careful, alert and steady person. There is capacity for fun and frolic in it, and many attractive and engaging lines. You think fairly well of yourself, have good enterprise, and your writing gives no hint of sex, though at your age that is often the case, with the hands. If you are a boy, you are a very nice sort of boy. I rather incline to the notion you're the other thing."

A Farmer's Wife—August 6 makes you a child of Leo, the Lion, a fire sign, and under the influence of the sun also. Your writing is excellent, honest, frank, sensible and to the point. I need not tell you that it is crude, but there is character in it, and it has excellent discretion and fairly good force, with here and there lines of refinement and taste. I am sure you love beauty and would enjoy having some pretty things about you. You are adaptable and careful.

Pete Rogers—See answer to Narragansett. How nice of you to miss the column! Ay, I was having a great time that day. It was the day that Jack the guide and I went out from Petrie's to explore the Humber, the grand, mysterious, mountain-tortured, cliff-bordered, exquisite river of the west side of Newfoundland. Thank you for making me think of it again! And oh, how drenched and drugged we came home at eight, beating up for two hours against a contrary wind, slipping salt seas. I can scarce believe I did it! Your nature is generous and affectionate, you love the good things of life and the soft corners. You can take excellent care of yourself and are not likely to be swayed or driven. Good cheer and good feeling are yours, and a certain bounteous materialism and courage and independence.

A Mascot—The character is strong and sustained, likely to have many inner thoughts unsuspected by the outer world. Sometimes discretion is lacking, but the attitude is not remarkably frank or disreputable. Self-depreciation is not always wise. The tone of the study is reserved and repressed. There are no hooks to hang fancies on. Correct, decided, inevitable, it seems to me.

"OLD MULL" Scotch

ELECTROLYSIS
Superfluous Hair
Moles, Etc.

GALVANISM
FARA DISM

MISS FLORENCE M. WELCH
MEDICAL ELECTRICIAN

THERMO AND GALVANIC
BATHS
FARADIC MASSAGE

SUITE 1, BANK OF HAMILTON
Cor. Queen and Spadina

ESTABLISHED 1856

CELEBRATED LEHIGH VALLEY COAL

P. BURNS & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

COAL AND WOOD

YARDS—Princess Street Dock—Telephone Main 180.
Corner Front and Bathurst Sts. Telephone Main 449.
OFFICES—425½ Yonge Street—Telephone Main 3298.
572 Queen Street West—Telephone Main 139.
304 Queen Street East—Telephone Main 134.
429 Spadina Avenue—Telephone Main 210.
1312 Queen Street West—Telephone Park 711.
274 College Street—Telephone North 1179.
324½ Queen Street West—Telephone Main 1409.

HEAD OFFICES—44 KING ST. EAST, TELEPHONE Main 131 & 132



OUR AIM is to have every man and woman's clothes in town to take care of. Then we'll be satisfied. We are getting nearer to our aim daily. Not a day passes but we add to our already large list. Can't we add you?

For Particulars Call or Write. Telephone M. 3074
30 Adelaide Street West

The OLIVER

THE ONLY ...
FREE TYPE BAR
VISIBLE WRITING
TYPE WRITER

Canadian OLIVER Typewriter Co.
83a St. James Street
Montreal.

55 Victoria Street,
Toronto.

WHY PAY DUTY?

Scotland's Best! Windows Teacher's "Highland Cream"Cleaned



"A blend with a flavor" and "world-wide reputation."

TRY IT

Wholesale from
G. J. FOY.

Retail from
MICHIE & CO.

Storm Sashes

...PUT UP...

TORONTO WINDOW CLEANING CO., Limited,

59-61 Victoria Street.
Telephone M. 1413.



Malt Purity

Ale brewed from malt alone possesses important dietetic properties that are lacking in common ales.

Carling's Ale is brewed from the purest and most scientifically prepared malt, and contains more food and less alcohol than common ales.

That is why it is so regularly prescribed by family physicians for building up their patients.

No Ale is equal to Carling's for medicinal purposes.

Ask for Carling's Ale—accept no other, because no other is quite so good.

Carling's Ale

The Ale that's Always Pure

Free 1905 Art Calendar

Armour's Extract of Beef Calendar Offer

Six fac-simile reproductions of drawings made expressly for our use, by six well-known artists. The Ideal Head, Home Girl, Steamer Girl, Studio Girl, Society Girl, Winter Girl—arranged in six sheets (size 10x15), tied with ribbon for hanging, without advertisement, will be sent post-paid on receipt of 25c or metal cap from a 2, 4, 8 or 16 oz. jar of

ARMOUR'S Extract of Beef

The Best Extract of the Best Beef for Soups, Sauces, Gravies and Beef Tea
ARMOUR LIMITED, Toronto



Sun, Knife and Accordion Plaiting

Ruchings, Ruffles, Flounces and all kinds of fancy stitching. Orders receive prompt attention.

A. E. Rea & Co.

Limited
20 and 22 Wellington St. West
Phone Main 2552.



Genuine Old Violins

Fine Bows by Celebrated Makers

such as are used by Yaaye, Kubelik and others. Fine Italian strings, as used by the chief professionals and artists of the world.

We make a specialty of all high-grade violin supplies.

The R. S. Williams & Sons Co., Limited
Violin Experts and Collectors

143 Yonge Street, Toronto, Can.

Social and Personal.

Two of last season's brides, Mrs. Arthur Hills and Mrs. James Cooper Mason, each in white satin gowns, Mrs. Hughes in white silk, Mrs. D. T. Symons, Mrs. Arthur E. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Jack McMurrich, Mrs. Gus Burritt in lovely lace and chiffon gown, Mrs. Shirley Denison in a pretty black net over white silk, were, with their husbands, guests at Government House dance on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. T. Gilmour, who has taken the Misses Kirkpatrick's pretty house in Lowther avenue for the season, had some friends for tea on Thursday to meet Mrs. Fulford of Brockville.

Mr. and Mrs. Brock have been fortunate enough to secure a nice apartment in the St. George, after vainly searching for a house, and Mrs. Brock will receive on Tuesday and Wednesday, December sixth and seventh, for the first time since her marriage. As Mrs. Cotton, Mrs. Brock was one of the popular young matrons in Kingston, and before that a Halifax belle, and she will be as popular in Toronto, where she already has many friends.

Mrs. Cotton of Spadina avenue gave a tea yesterday to introduce her daughter, Miss Ethel Cotton, who is one of the season's prettiest debutantes. The hostess wore pale grey crepe de Chine, with white lace and violets, and the debutante was in white embroidered net over satin, with chiffon frillings, and carried a sheaf of pink roses. The drawing-room was done in pink, with roses and carnations, and the dining-room, a "red" room, was further brightened by white and red roses. Mrs. Warlock was in charge of the tea-room.

Mrs. J. Franklin Dawson, 494 Spadina avenue, gave a pretty tea on Wednesday afternoon, at which many ladies were guests. Mrs. Dawson received in her upstairs drawing-room, looking very handsome in a gown of sequined lace over rose silk. She was assisted by Mrs. Walker. Tea was served in the dining-room, one of a suite of reception rooms down stairs, where Mrs. Denison poured tea and coffee at a very dainty table set with good things and decorated with pink roses and lily of the valley, and Mrs. D'Eonard, looking very sweet in a turquoise dress and large white hat, served laced at another table. The orchestra stationed upstairs played very sweetly during the tea. Miss Grace Carter, Miss Bethune, and others were in the tea-room.

Mrs. J. M. MacKenzie gave a charming tea on Thursday at her home, 101 Madison avenue, where Mrs. Leonard Boyd was also to have held her post-nuptial reception this week, but on account of Miss Buchanan's death the reception was postponed.

Mrs. Price Brown is giving a tea on Tuesday next at her home, 37 Carlton street, from 4.30 to 6.30. Mrs. James E. McClung is giving a tea on Wednesday next at her new residence, 128 Huntley street.

Next week we have St. Andrew's hall in the King Edward on the 30th; also the XI Psi Phi dance at McConkey's on the same evening; the young bachelors' dance in St. George's Hall on Tuesday, and the Dental dance on Friday. One or two small private dances are also under way for next week. The rehearsals for the Elks' vaudeville entertainment are progressing, and every few days comes a tea for a debutante. By the way, did you hear the latest net name from the East for those radiant young creatures? Fancy, only fancy, calling them "flappers!"

Mrs. Rolland Hills is giving a young folks' euchre on Tuesday, Dec. 6. From sweet experience the young folks know that the prizes at these euchres are worthy of a hard struggle to win.

Mr. and Mrs. Holloway have evolved from an ordinary dwelling one of the prettiest homes in St. George street. Mrs. Holloway, quick to see a good thing, has recently added to her carefully selected pictures some beautiful child studies by Laura Muntz, which her visitors were admiring last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Suydam have taken a handsome apartment in Sussex court for the winter.

A private view of foreign pictures, for which cards are out, will be held in the Woman's Art Association rooms on the evening of the eighth of December. A correspondent asks me to say whether full dress is de rigueur at such a function. Most certainly, though one finds it difficult to awaken the minds of the visitors to that rule. An elegant function is always spoiled by some persons too indifferent or too obstinate to conform to polite usage.



Order Your

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

By Mail

From the New

Julian Sale

Catalogue No. 14 S

OF

Traveling Goods Leather Goods and Leather Novelties

It contains ninety pages of beautiful illustrations showing the exclusive goods that we make, and from it the mail order buyer can make a selection as easily as a personal visit to our store.

Note We pay express charges in Ontario and make liberal allowances to other parts of Canada.



Club Bags,
Kit Bags,
Cabin Bags,
Brief Bags,
Surgical Bags,
Dress Trunks,
Square Trunks,
Steamer Trunks,
Wardrobe Trunks,
Sole Leather Trunks,
Basket Trunks,

Fitted Suit Cases,
Fitted Club Bags,
Dressing Bags in
English Styles.



LEATHERS we use in this year's Leather Goods are:
Real Sea Lion, Natural Grain Leather,
Real Dolphin, Real Walrus,
Dolphin Grain, Real Seal,
Falkland Seal, French Seal,
Fancy Alligator, Fine Suedes
Sea Lion Grain,

Colors in Leathers
Dull Brown, Chocolate,
Black, Burnt Orange, Navy Blue,
Cement, Graphite, Olive Green and Tans.

Social and Personal.

A quiet but pretty house wedding took place on Wednesday, the 23rd inst., at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Clarke, Avenue road, when their eldest daughter, Clara, was united in marriage to Dr. Morley Currie, B.A., M.P.E., of Fleton, by the Rev. R. Whiting, M.A. The bride, who was given away by her father, was beautifully attired in a gown of ivory brocade Liberty satin, and carried a shower bouquet of roses and lily of the valley, while a coronet of orange blossoms fastened the bridal veil. The bride's only attendant was little Miss Lorna Kingston, cousin of the bride, who, gowned in dainty white, and carrying a basket of white flowers, acted as flower girl. Only the immediate relatives of the contracting parties were present, amongst whom were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Clarke, grandparents of the bride, who next June will celebrate their diamond wedding. The popularity of the bride was evinced by the many handsome presents she received from those present and others. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome sunburst, and to the flower girl a pearl brooch. Dr. and Mrs. Currie left amid a shower of good wishes for New York, where they will spend their honeymoon, and on their return will go directly to their new home, Fleton, and will be at home to their friends after January 1st.

Mrs. W. R. de la Roche and Miss de la Roche have moved from the studio in Indian road to 88 Sussex avenue, where they will receive on New Year's Day.

Mrs. Charles Arthur O'Connor (nee Heydon) will receive for the first time since her marriage at her new home, 50 Law street, Toronto Junction, on Wednesday afternoon and evening, November 23rd.

Mrs. Percival W. Campbell (nee Campbell) will receive for the first time since her marriage on Thursday afternoon and evening, December 1st, at 626 Ontario street.

Although the end of November and the first three weeks of December seem to be crowded with gala events, yet each committee is looking forward to its function as the event of the season. From the way in which all enjoyed the St. George's Hockey Club dance of last season, the younger set are generally conceding that this dance, which is being held at McConkey's on the 16th December, will really be the foremost so far as a jolly time is concerned. The Hockey Club certainly made quite a hit in their event last year in the manner in which they carried the dance to a successful issue so limited the tickets that ample room was provided for comfortable dancing, which is so often wanting at large affairs. I am told that everything points to such another dance as the one of last season.

Miss Madge McGill and Miss Davidson of Peterboro were in town for the D. U. dance on Thursday.

A small and jolly dance was given by the Varsity Chapter of Delta Upsilon on Thursday evening at McConkey's. The hall-room was gallily decorated with college pennants representing the various chapters of the fraternity. Supper was served in the Palm Room, the tables being decorated with chrysanthemums and the fraternal colors of blue and gold.

Mr. Robert C. MacIntyre, son of Mrs. T. M. MacIntyre (late of the Presbyterian Ladies' College), was married by Rev. Dr. MacIntyre, uncle of the groom, to Miss Jennie Richardson, daughter of the late Mr. Henry Richardson of Fiesherston, in the Presbyterian church, Reamsville, in the presence of immediate relatives. The bride was dressed most becomingly in a golden brown broadcloth traveling suit, with large picture hat to match. The happy couple left for their new home in Brampton, where Mr. MacIntyre has purchased a lovely property, known as the William Elliott estate.

All Saints' Church Willing Workers' annual bazaar will be held on Thursday and Friday, December the 1st and 2nd, from 3 to 10 p.m. Light refreshments will be served during the afternoons and high tea from 6 to 8 p.m. All Saints' orchestra will play each evening. The proceeds are in aid of the Willing Workers' fund and the reduction of debt on the Arthur Baldwin Hall.

Tickets for the musicale to be given in Assembly Hall, Victoria University, on Dec. 6th, may be obtained at William Tyrell's, 9 King street east.



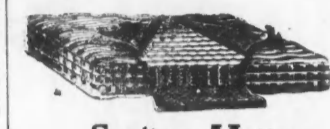
All men are good natured, only some have nerves.

DUNLOP COMFORT RUBBER HEELS

smooth them down.

MADE BY THE DUNLOP TYRE CO. LIMITED TORONTO

The Marshall



Sanitary Mattress.

Thousands of Delighted users testify as to its Comfortable, Healthy and Durable qualities.

It never sags. Get one and rest. See it at Simpson's.

Toronto. London. Chicago.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births

ANGEL—Nov. 20, Toronto, Mrs. Arthur W. Anglin a daughter.
FORBATH—Nov. 19, Listowel, Mrs. B. G. P. Forbath, a son.
HENDERSON—Nov. 17, Toronto, Mrs. A. E. Henderson, a son.
LEWIS—Nov. 21, Brockville, Mrs. W. A. Lewis, a daughter.

Marriages

LYNN—CAMPELL—Aug. 24, 1904, by Rev. H. A. Macpherson, Elizabeth J. Campbell to Percival G. Lynn.
CURRIE CLARKE—At the residence of the bride's parents, Avenue Road, Toronto, on Wednesday Nov. 23rd, 1904, by the Rev. R. Whiting, M.A., Clara, eldest daughter of W. A. Clarke, Esq., to Dr. Morley Currie, B.A., M.P.E., of Fleton, Ont.
AULRY FINLAY—Nov. 21, Georgetown, Christina Kirkland Finlay to John J. Aulry.
FRY, HOLMES—Nov. 21, Selkirk, Marie Beatrice Holmes to Frank De Witt Fry.
LATER—Prior Nov. 8, Boston, Etta Phyllis Prior to F. W. Later.
MCNICHO—ROBERTSON—Nov. 16, Puslinch, Jane Fraser Robertson to Robert T. McNicho.
RUSSELL, BARRETT—Nov. 12, 19th Bay, Edith Emily Barrett to Corson London Russell.

Deaths

BALLARD—Nov. 19, Schenectady, N. Y., Harriet Amelia McPhy Ballard.
BOLSTER—Nov. 17, Toronto, Lancelotti Bolster.
BUCHAN—Nov. 21, Toronto, Jean Buchan.
CARTER—Nov. 21, Port Colborne, Mary Fielding Carter, aged 72 years.
DURAND—Nov. 19, Eglinton, Charles A. Durand, aged 74 years.
GOODERHAM—Nov. 21, Pipestone, Man., Archibald Rodrick Gooderham.
HART—Nov. 21, Toronto, Frances Mary Hart, aged 65 years.
HELLIWELL—Nov. 20, Thomas Helliwell, aged 75 years.
HOLLINGSHEAD—Nov. 21, Newmarket, James Henry Hollingshead, aged 53 years.
LARKIN—Nov. 21, Whitevale, Josephine O'Leary Larkin, aged 27 years, 9 months.
MCINTOSH—Nov. 20, Ingersoll, Margaret S. McIntosh.
MUFFELMAN—Nov. 20, Toronto, Hannah Muffelman, aged 56 years.
NEWMAN—Nov. 19, Castleton, William J. Newman, aged 61 years.

W. H. STONE Undertaker

343 YONGE STREET, Phone Main 982

DANIEL STONE The Leading Undertaker

M. 931. 285 Yonge Street

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard) The Leading Undertaker

350 Yonge Street Phone M. 679



Card Cases for Ladies,
Card Cases for Gentlemen,
Combination Pocket-books,
Hand Bags, fitted with Purse
and Card Case,
Shopping Bags,
Dorothy Bags.

Sewing Sets,
Pocket Toilets,
String Boxes,
Manicure Sets,
Dressing Cases,
Writing Folios,
Ink Bottles,
Blotters,
Desk Sets,
Pen Wipers,
Music Holders,
Lemon Cases,



Cigar Cases in Telescope and Frame
Styles.
Magazine Cigar Cases, to hold 25, 50,
or 100 Cigars.
Tobacco Pouches,
Match Cases,



Bill Folds,
Bill Books,
Letter Cases,
Wallets,
Umbrellas for Men.



Ticket Holders,
Coin Purse,
Tray Coin Purse,
Pig-skin Purse.



The JULIAN SALE

Leather Goods Co., Limited

105 KING ST. WEST, Toronto.